No. 780
Friday
8 Nov. '91

PRIVATE EYE

80p

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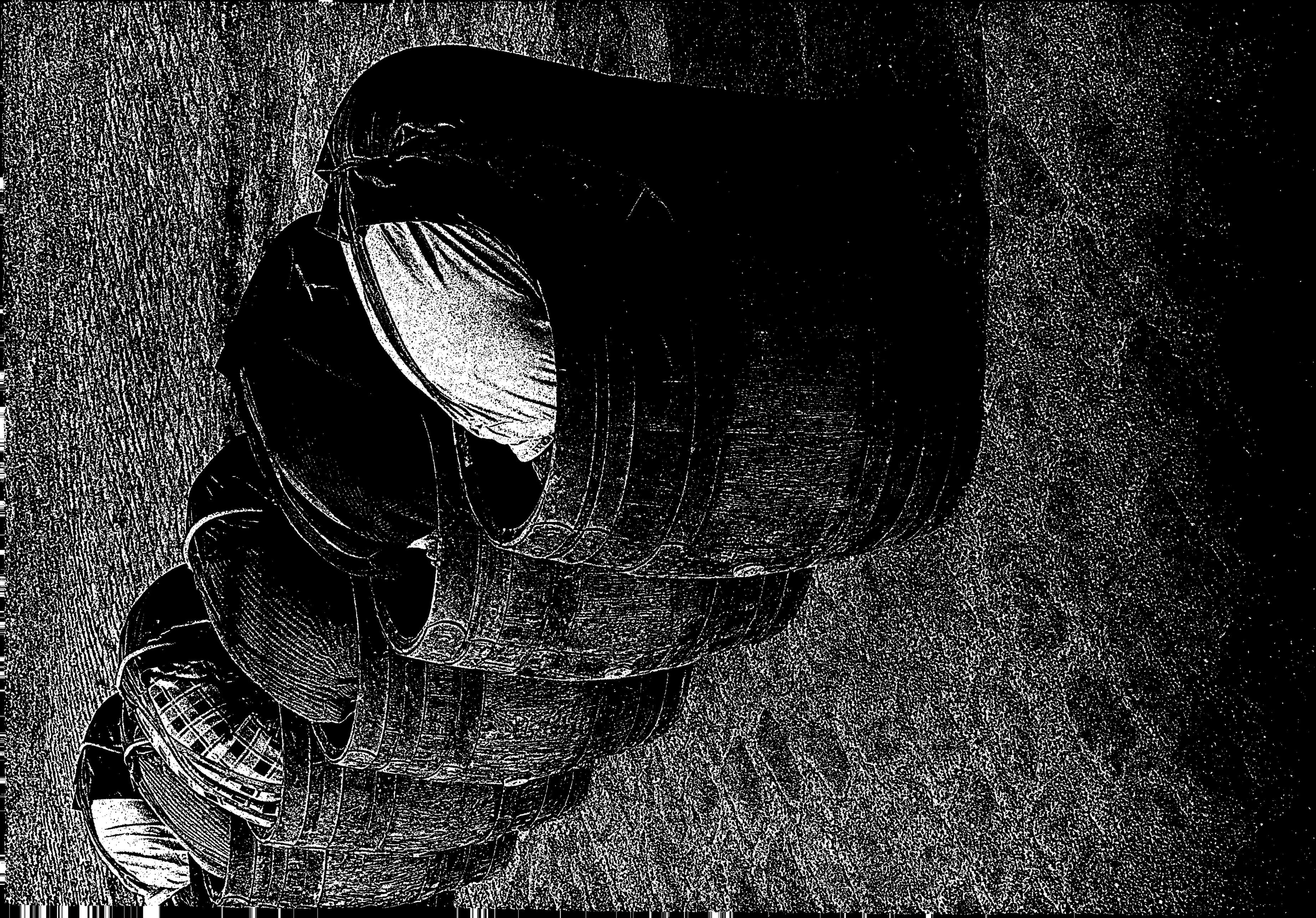

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A LAST REQUEST

Recently received at the Distillery, this memorial verse inspired by The Macallan Malt Whisky was forwarded by Mr M. Morgan of London NW8, to whom we are indebted.

As a Sassenach, the life I led was often dull and barren,

Until a friend revealed to me the joys of The Macallan!

From that day forth, the magic Malt was never far from hand;

Mellowed for years in sherrywood ~ what 'nose', what flavours grand!

My dear friend died and, in his Will, a flask was left to me.

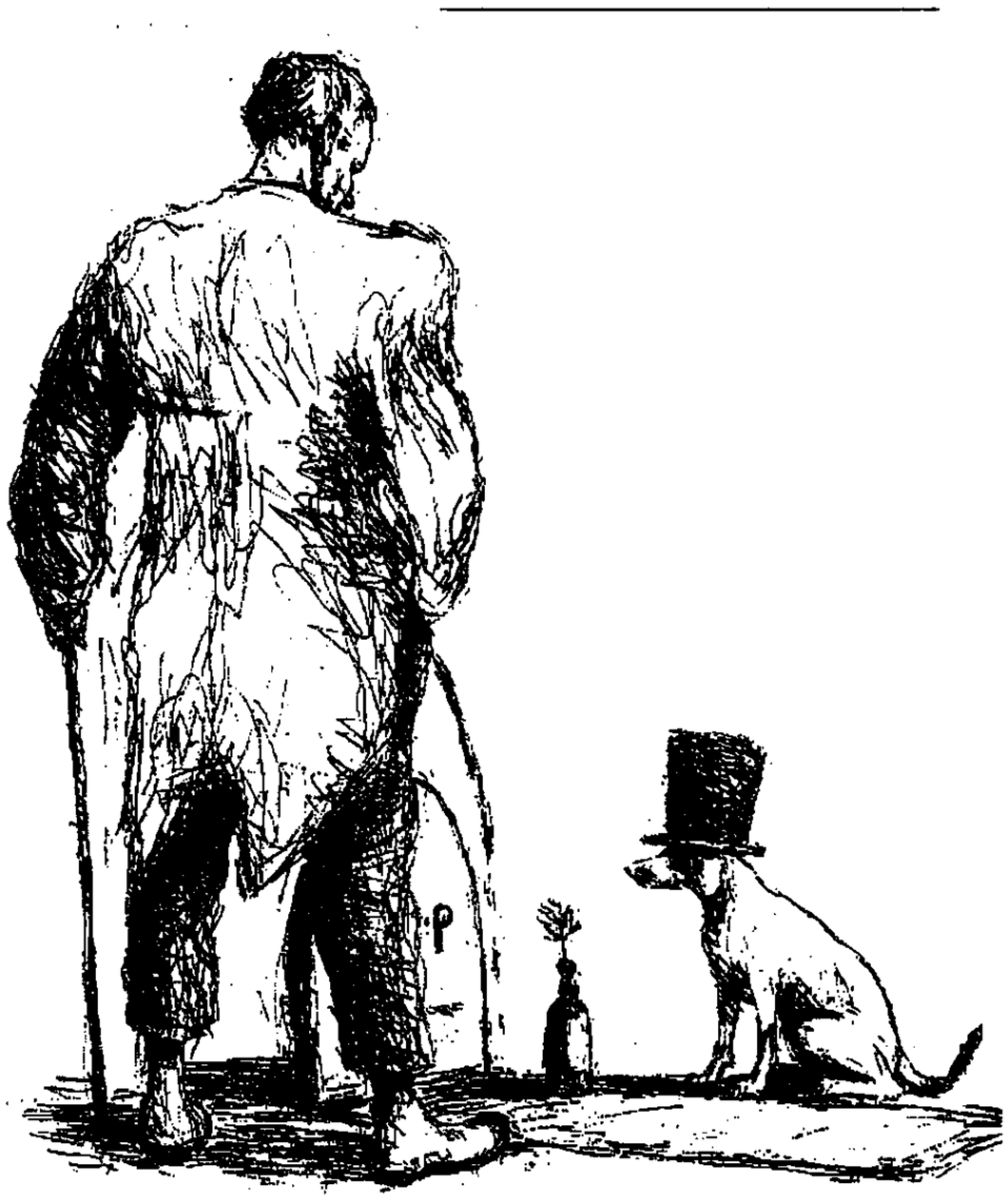
An old Macallan was inside, a treasured rarity.

The will commanded me to go and visit my friend's grave,

And sprinkle The Macallan there, his poor dead soul to save.

I stood there, sobbing piteously; my heart was fit to burst...

I sprinkled that Macallan there ~ but via my kidneys first!



The Macallan. The Malt.

Gnome

MY COMPANY, Gnomrho International, is a global operation which has commercial interests in many countries, including some on the African continent. My critics always attempt to make out that these interests conflict with those of my British Sunday newspaper, the *Absurder*.

The liberal attitude of the newspaper is supposed to be at odds with the values of the African leaders with whom it is my occasional pleasure to do business.

I can only say that this is entirely untrue. I do not interfere in the running of the newspaper and I do not dictate editorials. As this Sunday's *Absurder* leader by editor Donald Duckford put it:

"Gnome is a hands-off proprietor — it's hands off his dictator friends. But I say whatever I like. And I like saying whatever keeps me in a job."

I hope this forceful disclaimer puts the rest of the *Absurder*'s impartial African coverage into perspective.

I thought personally that at a mere 38 pages there was too little attention paid to the extraordinary achievements of Premier Bakhanda of Yoyo, General Kruk of Zimbala, and Life-President Moidara of Rumbabwe, but, as I have made clear, it is not my business to interfere.

E. Strobes
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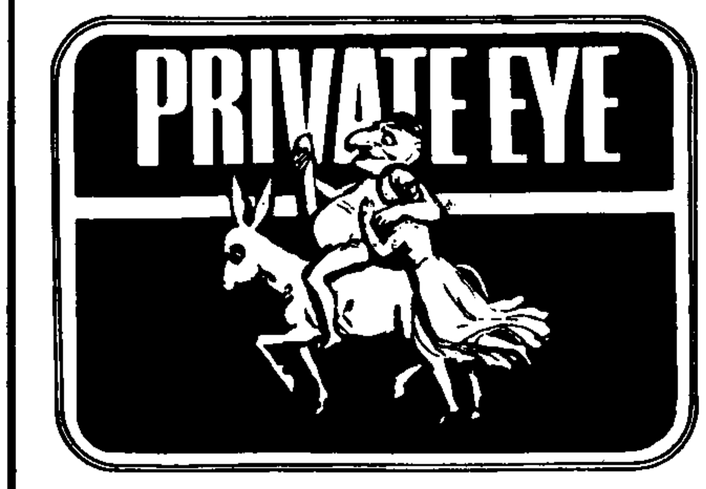


COLOUR SECTION

DENIS Thatcher's former golfing chum Sir Robin Leigh-Pemberton — appointed by Mrs Thatcher as governor of the Bank of England — is hoping the awful letters BCCI will soon vanish from the public prints and that Lord Justice Bingham's inquiry will be the usual whitewash. All the signs, however, point in the other direction.

Sir Robin may not remember that Bingham, while a mere QC, was appointed by the last Labour government to investigate the systematic and illegal breaking of sanctions against Rhodesia by the big oil companies. Bingham's report in 1978 was not a whitewash at all, but a meticulous exposé of both government and oil companies, both of which have been trying to keep it quiet ever since.

A further blow for those who wish they had never heard of BCCI was the recent decision by Mr Justice Millett in the Chancery Division to chuck out a plea by accountants Price Waterhouse that they should not have to hand over correspondence with their clients to the Bingham inquiry. Mr Justice Millett found, not surprisingly, that "the public interest in confidentiality gives way to the public interest in disclosure when necessary for the purpose of inquiry into past performance of the Bank of England's statutory functions".

So, poor old Price Waterhouse has to hand over all letters it wrote about BCCI, including those about the report which it submitted to its client, the government of Abu Dhabi (chief shareholder in BCCI) in April 1991.

The report was a catalogue of fraud and villainy by executives at the bank. The question which may or may not be answered by the correspondence is: why, after Price Waterhouse knew something of the real picture at BCCI, did it take so many weeks for the Bank of England to close the bank down?

The standard reply is that no one at the bank or anywhere else had the slightest inkling of what the report said. Some damage was done to this theory by the publication in the *New York Magazine* of an article last June by columnist Christopher Byron. He had clearly been leaked the Price Waterhouse report and wrote that it exposed "manipulations of mind-boggling complexity and of 'immense' proportions"; the existence, effectively of a "bank within a bank", and the payment of $53 million to eight leading officials of the bank to stop up their mouths.

Just two weeks after the report was published, the Bank of England closed down BCCI. Pressed later for its reasons, it disclosed exactly the same information as Byron had published in the *New York Magazine*. One likely — if remarkable — conclusion from this sequence of events is that the Bank of England had known for months what Price Waterhouse was uncovering in its inquiry into BCCI, but held its hand as long as nothing leaked out; and that it was the leaking of the report in *New York Magazine* which caused the "decisive" action from Sir Robin.

If the Bank of England were responsible for delay in taking action against BCCI, what was the reason? In normal circumstances, any evidence of largescale fraud in a bank even a millionth of the size of BCCI would lead to instant action. But were these normal conditions? In this regard, it is worth quoting once again from the affidavit exposed in the last issue which suggested that in the Irangate arms smuggling to Nicaragua, Lt Col Oliver North from the US president's office was assisted by a British CIA agent, Les Aspin, who has since died; an Iranian arms dealer and prominent Buckinghamshire freemason, Ben Banerjee, who has since died; a Syrian terrorist called Al-Kassar and vice president George Bush, both of whom are still alive.

The last paragraph reads as follows: "The Morgenthau Grand Jury investigation in New York has similarly charged the Bush administration with obstructing their access to the BCCI files. It is my opinion that Aspin's BCCI accounts with North, Banerjee, and Al-Kassar are the primary reasons for the delays and obstructions of BCCI investigations in other countries".

The affidavit, written by a former prosecutor in the US Justice Department, ends by recommending a criminal investigation.

IT HAS emerged that ex-*Mirror* foreign editor Nick Davies was not merely a conduit for arms deals between himself and Ari Ben-Menashe, but actually helped Ben-Menashe in a very positive way.

Davies acted as a telephone link between various individuals to assist in commercial arms and chemical smuggling enterprises. In an unpublished manuscript currently being hawked around, Ben-Menashe alleges that Davies was also a go-between for himself, the Shining Path terrorist group in Peru and officials in the Israeli government who were anxious to procure three strategic minerals vital to the Israeli nuclear industry.

While Davies has independently bragged of his "Shining Path" connections, he was, according to the Ben-Menashe manuscript, closely involved in attempts to sell three C130 transport aircraft to Iran using various intermediaries in a deal which apparently never came off. On another deal, Ben-Menashe places Davies in Poland with a shopping list of arms that the Israelis wished to purchase on behalf of Iran.

But Davies and Ben-Menashe fell out. Ben-Menashe was arrested in an undercover operation concerning the sale of the aircraft in Los Angeles and he appealed to Davies for help — no doubt hoping that Davies would come forward and testify that Ben- Menashe was working for the Israeli government. Davies did not.

● *Mirrorwatch* *p.7*
Street of Shame *p.6*
Libelgate *p.11*

"At least they're talking"

STREET OF SHAME

LE BONFIRE NIGHT

HAVING correctly dubbed Nick Davies a liar in giant type across its front page only two weeks ago, Kelvin Mackenzie's deranged *Sun* is now trying to buy him up!

In a letter to Davies which fell into the hands of the *Daily Mail* and was no doubt opened in error by them, Davies was offered a very large sum of money to sell his story to the Digger's minions.

They pleaded with him not to enter into any deals with Maxwell before he had talked to them. As if he would! The *Mail* hacks, of course, returned the letter to the *Sun* and forgot all about it.

"WHAT do *YOU*, our loyal readers, think?" asked the *Sunday Mirror*, reporting the Nick Davies affair. "Phone: 071 822 2561."

Last Wednesday one loyal reader tried to do just that. At his first attempt, as soon as he explained why he was ringing, the phone was put down. His second call was finally transferred to an unidentified man on the *Daily Mirror* newsdesk. The conversation went roughly as follows:

Loyal reader: "This Nick Davies, he seems to be a right liar. How could a paper like the *Mirror* employ him for so many years without noticing?"

Mirror Man (sternly): "The only thing this man has been proved to have done is lied about his visit to Ohio. Absolutely nothing else has been proved."

LR: "Oh yeah? He said he went to Downside School when he didn't, he lied about which university he went to, about which regiment he was in..."

MM (increasingly tetchy): "No, you're wrong. Just because Downside don't have a record of him doesn't mean he didn't go there. It hasn't been proved he wasn't in the Grenadier Guards... Anyway, we're not bothered about what school he went to."

LR: "What about Robert Maxwell? He doesn't come out of this too well, does he?"

MM (suddenly menacing): "I ought to warn you that Mr Maxwell has issued writs for libel against people who make accusations... "

LR: Why do you ask readers to ring in and say what they think if you're going to threaten them with libel writs? What do you think about Maxwell?"

MM: "This isn't a debate line... I'm going to have to end it there."

And he did.

WHEN Seymour Hersh gave his press conference in London to defend his book, *The Samson Option*, he was asked about the veracity of his prime informant, Ari Ben-Menashe, the disgruntled former Israeli intelligence translator who had revealed his gun-running adventures with the *Mirror*'s Nick Davies.

One of the prime questioners was a reporter from the *Financial Times*. Hersh, in the middle of answering the reporter, suggested to the *FT* man that his paper had a problem *from within* over the story.

Although other hacks leapt in and demanded Hersh explain what he meant, he declined to do so. In fact he was referring to the existence of an *FT* stringer called Barbara Durr, who had worked in Central America for the *FT* and had herself been involved with Ben-Menashe.

According to Ben-Menashe's as yet unpublished book, Durr made herself available to him in Chile and Peru and the two had a prolonged affair. Ben-Menashe boasted that he was able to get Durr to plant a story in the *FT* that the Chilean chemical giant, Cardoen Industries, was secretly supplying Iraq with chemical weapons during the Gulf War.

A true story, as it happened, but embarrassing for the *FT* nonetheless.

THE TALENT of Nick Davies, disgraced former foreign editor of the *Daily Mirror*, for being in two places at once is by no means a recent development, it appears.

In October 1973, Davies reported for the *Mirror* "from an Indian jail on the ordeal of a British girl". His report described the prison conditions of Mary Tyler, a 29 year-old Briton who had spent three years in prison awaiting trial for armed rebellion. "I talked to her at the packed Jamshedour jail... [she] looked pale and thin. Armed soldiers and detectives surrounded us. Mary was cheerful and forthright, laughing and joking."

Davies's report also contained quotes attributed to Tyler and when the piece was published, Mary Tyler's family and friends tried to contact the hack, since he was apparently the first British journalist to have been allowed to visit her.

Unfortunately Davies proved to be most elusive. According to one friend of Tyler, Jill Dimmock: "It was only when Mary Tyler was released in 1975 that we realised why he had been so elusive. He had never interviewed her, never been near her or the prison and for all I know hadn't been to India."

No doubt Davies's expenses claims for the period will give an accurate picture of his movements.

ONE of Andrew "Brillo Pad" Neill's more harmless vices is collecting failed editors. He seems to take an almost sadistic pleasure in offering sinecures to former rivals whose jobs or newspapers have gone down the tube.

They include Brian MacArthur (former editor of *Today*), Peter Cole (sacked founder-editor of the *Sunday Correspondent*) and, most recently, Robin "Moron" Morgan, sacked editor of the *Sunday Getsmuchworse*.

In return for their handsome salaries, these men must expect to endure regular doses of humiliation. Neill's latest trick is to turn to Cole and Morgan during editorial conferences and ask, with a cruel grin: "What do the ex-editors think?"

THE *Sunday Times* editorial hit a new low this week when, turning 180° from a pro-European stance to an anti-Brussels whinge, the paper's editor launched into "Eurolunacies".

And what changed Andrew "Brillo Pad" Neill's mind? An EC sponsored 120-episode European Television soap opera based on an independent European TV station which is taken over by an international media tycoon and filled with American drivel.

Who could this possibly refer to?

TINY Rowland is delighted to see his newspaper, the *Observer*, once again taking the "correct" line on Africa, a continent in which Lonrho has extensive business interests.

Earlier this year he was furious when the paper published an unflattering article about the Malawian president, Hastings Banda, an old chum and business partner. Donald "Busy" Trelford, the *Observer*'s dutiful editor, was forced to grovel for several weeks, publishing a series of apologies to the revolting Banda.

Now the *Observer* has turned its attention to another corrupt African dictator, Daniel Arap Moi of Kenya — but this time with the proprietor's encouragement. For Tiny Rowland has developed a powerful grudge against Moi and his sidekick Nicholas Biwott, the Kenyan energy minister. And, lo and behold, the *Observer* of 27 October led its front page and filled an entire centre page with a shock-horror denunciation of Moi and Biwott ("Corruption is now so bad, so blatant in Kenya..." etc etc). Though one or two hacks grumbled about the prominence given to the story, Trelford insisted it was extremely important.

The reasons for Lonrho's hostility to the Kenyan regime remain opaque. But one quote in the *Observer* article, attributed to "a foreign business source", may offer a clue. "Corruption is rife throughout Africa," the source explained, "but in Kenya there were simple guidelines. Biwott came along and made his own rules... He was just too greedy for everybody's good."

Of course Tiny knows all about the problems ofbribery and corruption in Africa. Some years ago, Clayton Williams, the governor of the Claydesta Bank in Midland, Texas, had a small problem with his wildlife ranch in Kenya when the authorities there wanted to nationalise it.

Through contacts — a Mexican lawyer called Pasqual who sat on the board of Tiny's Princess Hotel in Acapulco — a meeting was arranged at the hotel between Tiny, Moi and Williams. The result was a hefty bribe paid to Moi with Tiny's assistance — and Williams was able to dispose of his ranch in a profitable and orderly manner.

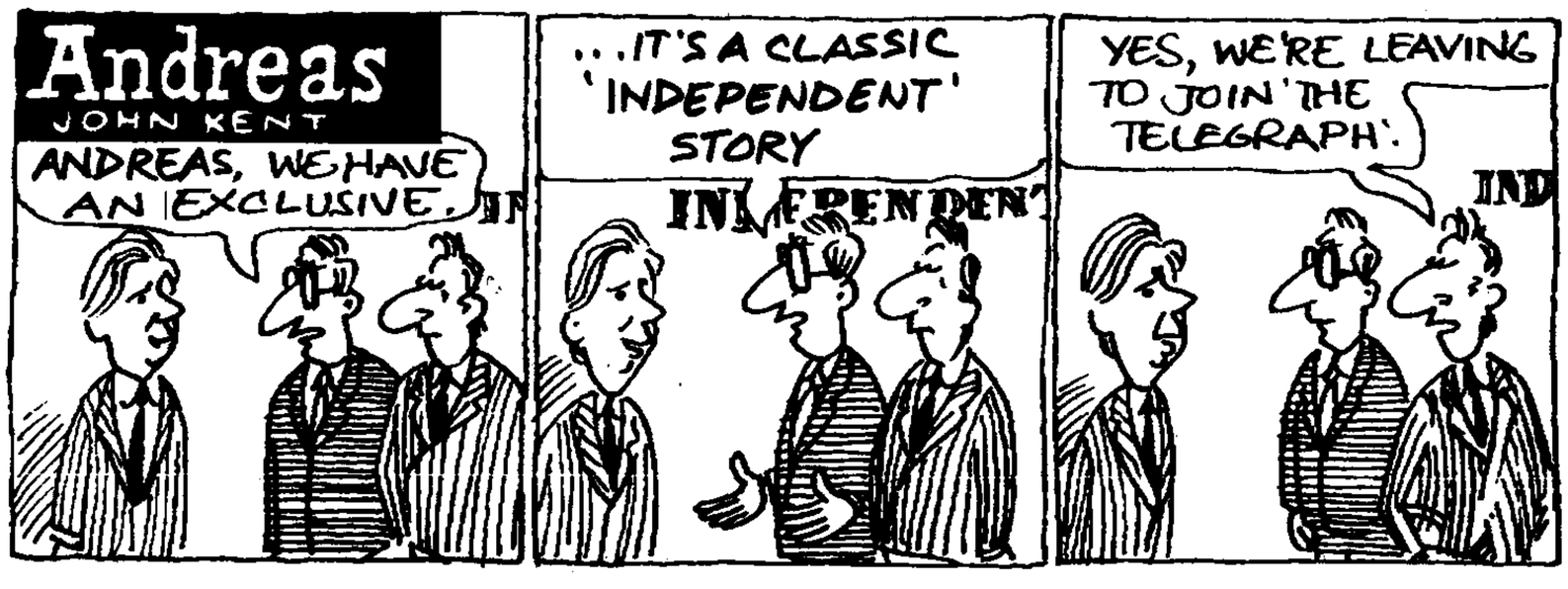
In Uganda, meanwhile, it has come to light that Tiny's associate company, freight operators Kuhne & Nagel, who deal with Ugandan government goods from Mombasa under the auspices of the ministry of foreign affairs, are receiving from the Bank of Uganda some $30,000 a month for this privilege, which Ugandan sources reckon is *double* the going rate.

Given the state of abject poverty in Uganda, how long will it be before the campaigning *Observer* exposes this particular African "story"?

WHILE Andreas Whittam Strobes urges his morale-sapped troops to tighten their belts yet further, there are some corners of the *Indescribablyboring* where money is still no object: the paper despatched a veritable posse of hacks to Spain to cover the Middle East peace conference.

Unfortunately the *Indie*'s three main Levantine experts — Robert Fisk, Patrick Cockburn and Michael Sheridan — all hate one another's guts and have not been on speaking terms since the Gulf War.

On arriving in Madrid, they discovered to their horror that they had all been booked into the same hotel. So, at even greater expense for their hapless newspaper, the trio immediately decamped and hired extra rooms in three separate establishments.



Mirror watch

THE MIRRORGATE scandal has been a godsend for newspapers — all, that is, except Robert Maxwell's *Daily Mirror*. With writs flying, the rag huffed and puffed in indignation, defending its foreign editor Nicholas Davies against all-comers. But soon the *Mirror* was squirming, egg all over its face, having had to sack Davies ignominiously for lying. For those who missed the fun, here is a resumé:

Sunday 20 October: Faber & Faber publishes *The Samson Option* by US investigative journalist Seymour Hersh, Chapter 22 of which alleges that Davies was a former Israeli "intelligence" asset who had been involved in arms-dealing activities with an Israeli intelligence operative called Ari Ben-Menashe and that he betrayed Mordecai Vanunu, the Israeli nuclear technician, to Ben-Menashe and therefore to the Mossad.

Tuesday 22 October: All three editions of the London *Evening Standard* carry the front-page headline MAXWELL MAN NAMED AS SPY and report the wording of privileged early-day motions in the House of Commons by Labour MP George Galloway and Tory MP Rupert Allason which draw attention to the Hersh book and the Davies allegations.

Wednesday 23 October: The *Mirror*'s front page replies: DISHONOURABLE MEN AND DIRTY TRICKS. Underneath the huge headline is a "Mirror Comment" penned in characteristically vitriolic style by Maxwell hagiographer Joe Haines. It accuses the two MPs of having "as much honour as a pair of jackals scavenging in a rubbish heap, which is where they both belong... If either Mr Allason or Mr Galloway had the guts of a louse, an altogether higher form of life, they would stand outside the privileges and protection of Parliament and repeat those allegations where they can be sued." Inside, Nick Davies is quoted as saying: "I have never been involved in sales of Israeli equipment to Iran or any other country."

One of the telexes cited in Hersh's book, from Ben-Menashe to an Iranian government official, purports to give Davies's passport details. Davies tells the *Mirror*: "The so-called 'telex' gave the wrong passport number for my passport and the wrong name of my parents."

Today carries a report quoting a statement by Davies's ex-wife, Janet Fielding. She explains that she found letters concerning arms deals in Davies's Streatham home back in 1985, after they had separated, when she returned to collect her belongings. She says she took copies of some of the letters: "I kept the copies for six years not knowing what to do with them. They were proof that the arms dealing was not a figment of my imagination."

Concerning the letters from arms dealers (which suggested Davies had been involved with Ben-Menashe in a proposed deal with two firms in Ohio), Davies says in the *Mirror*: "I have never been to Ohio in my life and I was not in the United States in 1985. The letter from Armtec International alleging the sale of 30 155mm guns is also a total mystery to me." Davies also suggested, a *Mirror* hack writes, that "blank letterheads had been obtained and the letters written later."

Thursday 24 October: For the second day running, the *Mirror* goes in to bat for Nick Davies. The front-page headline, in huge type, yells FORGERY and beneath it the paper reproduces what it calls "the document used to smear our man" — the letter to Davies from Armtec International executive William Johnson, which "was exposed last night as a forgery." Inside, across two pages, is the *Mirror*'s account of THE PLOT THAT FELL TO PIECES, by Harry Arnold, Ted Oliver and Mark Dowdney. The paper digs up Davies's expenses claims for May 1985 which apparently demonstrate that he was in London throughout that month.

The *Mirror* had shown Johnson the letter and he had denied that the signature on the letter was his. Johnson was also shown pictures of the *Mirror*'s Nick Davies and declared: "This is very definitely not the Nicholas Davies I met." Davies, still in Harare for the Commonwealth conference and preparing to fly home, is reported to be "delighted" at the news of Johnson's claim that the letter is a forgery: "This confirms everything I have been saying. There has been an attempt to frame me for reasons I do not understand." He then repeats his denial that he has ever been to Ohio and that he was in the US in 1985.

At a press conference in the afternoon, author Seymour Hersh says he has spoken at length in the morning to Ohio-based arms dealer Ben Kaufman, who says he DID meet Davies in Ohio in 1985. Hersh also reveals that* Daily Mail *hack Gareth Pownall has obtained a photograph of Davies taken during this visit. (Pownall has purchased the picture for $1,000, with a Mirror hack only 10 minutes behind him.)

Friday 25 October: The *Daily Mail* publishes a photograph of Davies taken in Ohio in 1985, under the heading MYSTERY OF OHIO PHOTOGRAPH. Its report shows Davies was a guest of arms dealers Ben Kaufman and William Johnson in Ohio during the spring of 1985. The Davies story has disappeared from the *Mirror*'s front page, but Davies is quoted as saying that he did recall going to Ohio after all. He remembers "going for a walk with Kaufman and he shot a few rabbits... there was no mention of international arms trading or anything like that." The **Sun**'s front-page headline is YOU LIAR. Although the *Mail* has the compromising photograph, it is the **Sun** which carries the fullest and most hard-hitting report of the facts revealed by Hersh at his press conference, including Kaufman's assertion that he and Davies went for a walk armed with Chinese AK-47s.

Saturday 26 October: The *Daily Mail* reports that by publishing the photograph putting Davies in Ohio in 1985 it "has forced Robert Maxwell's *Daily Mirror* to launch an internal inquiry into the activities of its foreign editor Nicholas Davies... after the *Mirror* spent three days declaring there was absolutely nothing to investigate." The *Mail* also prints evidence of a proposed deal to import coal into Britain after the national miners's strike, involving Davies, Ben-Menashe and their Ohio contacts.

Sunday 27 October: The *Sunday Times*, *Sunday Telegraph* and *Observer* all lead with the story that Davies had been involved in discussions with a legitimate London arms dealer, John Knight, back in 1985 about the possible purchase of spares for Kalashnikov rifles. The *Sunday Mirror*, meanwhile, carries an editorial headed SMEARS, LIES AND HYPE, in which it alleges that the Hersh book "is full of innuendo, lies and smears, including a fabrication that Mr Davies, with the assistance of Mr Maxwell, betrayed to the Israeli intelligence agency Mossad an Israeli nuclear mole, Mordecai Vanunu. And that Mr Maxwell has close links with Mossad." In fact, the Hersh book does *not* allege that Maxwell helped Davies betray Vanunu to Mossad, nor does it claim that Maxwell has close links with Mossad.

The *Sunday Mirror* editorial accuses the *Sun* of hypocrisy for branding *Mirror* journalists as "cheats and idiots". Inside, the paper dodges the issue of whether or not Davies has been an arms-dealer. It claims that former editor Mike Molloy and former assistant editor Tony Frost handled the paper's treatment of the Vanunu revelations and that neither Davies nor Maxwell were involved. It also refers to the "so-called 'Ohio picture' " obtained by the *Daily Mail* and denies that it had anything to do with the *Mirror*'s decision to mount an internal investigation into Davies's activities, claiming that the inquiry was launched "long before the picture appeared".

Monday 28 October: "Another plank in the *Daily Mirror*'s defence of its foreign editor, Nicholas Davies, collapsed yesterday," writes the *Daily Mail*. The passport number dismissed by the *Mirror* as "wrong" last Thursday is found by the Home Office to have been genuine. This shows that Davies has been carrying at least two passports and that the application for one of them gave false details. Meanwhile the *Mirror*, under the heading WHAT A LIAR, publishes an attack on Ari Ben Menashe: "Israeli Ari Ben-Menashe has been caught out time and time again peddling tall tales, it was revealed in New York." The source for this attack on Ben-Menashe's credibility was the New York *Daily News*. The *Mirror* does not bother to tell its readers that the *Daily News* is owned by Robert Maxwell.

The* Mirror*'s internal inquiry consists of editor Richard Stott, Maxwell hagiographer Joe Haines, and* Sporting Life *editor Charlie Wilson. Davies is represented by a colleague from the newsdesk. The evidence against Davies has been collated by* Mirror *reporter Harry Arnold.

Tuesday 29 October: The *Daily Mirror* announces that it has sacked Nick Davies for failing to tell the truth about his trip to Ohio in 1985, though it states that there is no evidence that he was ever involved in an arms deal that was successfully concluded. On page 6 there is a full-page leader under the heading A QUESTION OF TRUST, written by *Mirror* editor Richard Stott. "The truth is our only currency," he writes, explaining why Davies has been sacked. Although he admits that "today we all feel a bit bruised here", he reiterates the paper's defiant criticism of Hersh, the two MPs and the rest of the press for failing to come up with any evidence to support the Vanunu allegations or the notion that either Davies or Robert Maxwell have links with the Mossad.

"Mr Maxwell* decides to tell the truth," says the *Daily Mail* at the top of its front page, then explains in a footnote to the asterisk that the Mr Maxwell in question is James Maxwell, William Johnson's lawyer, and not Robert Maxwell. Mr James Maxwell and his client have told the *Mail* that the Armtec International letter was not a forgery after all. "Nicholas Davies came out from London," said Johnson, "and we sat down to discuss selling arms to Nigeria. I lied to the *Mirror*. I denied everything because I was frightened. I didn't want to get sucked into an international arms scandal."

Wednesday 30 October: The *Daily Mail* reports that Scotland Yard has been asked to investigate the matter of Nick Davies's alleged passport irregularities. The paper also has a report about MIRRORGATE MAN'S MYSTERIOUS PAST. Davies had claimed that he had "attended Downside, the Benedictine public school in Somerset"; but "contacted yesterday, they examined their records and declared: 'Not us.' " Similarly, claims by Davies that he had attended Birmingham University and served in the Coldtsream Guards turn out to be bogus.

***Leaving aside the issue of whether Nicholas Davies is a would-be arms dealer, or a successful arms dealer, or an Israeli intelligence asset, or, as he wistfully suggested at one point, "a pratt", the Mirrorgate affair raises serious questions about the integrity of the Mirror Group's titles.* Mirror *reporter Harry Arnold discovered that the "wrong" passport number was, in fact, correct* long before *the* Daily Mail *revealed this to the public. The* Mirror *discovered that William Johnson had lied when he had told them the Armtec International letter was a forgery — again,* long before *the* Daily Mail *revealed this to the public. The* Mirror *discovered that Robert Maxwell had met Ari Ben-Menashe to discuss a possible book deal. This fact, which has been confirmed by Nick Davies to third parties, has not yet been published by the* Mirror.

Grovel

TO LANCASTER House, where my friend the Princess of Wales is launching a campaign to reduce the number of children who die in road accidents. Diana shows us a "hard-hitting" TV commercial of children being run over, which has the slogan "Kill Your Speed, Not a Child".

How odd, then, that only the previous week this selfsame Princess of Wales travelled to the JaguarSport factory in Oxfordshire, where, with a grin of girlish excitement, she unveiled the fastest production car in the world, the new XJ-220 — described as "a silver bullet of a supercar with a top speed of 212.3 mph".

Bullet indeed.

FLICKING through a recent issue of *Horse and Hound*, I am much tickled by the "Foxford" column and a comment from its author, the magazine's editor Michael Clayton, that "hunt saboteurs hate being photographed during their hooliganism. Video or still cameras are an extremely useful 'weapon'."

Clayton is fond of puffing the snobbish and now-notorious Quorn in his column, so it must have been somewhat embarrassing for him to learn that it was the very same "weapon" — a video camera — that caught the Quorn's terriermen digging a fox out of its earth and throwing it live to the hounds in direct breach of the rules of the Master of Foxhounds Association.

● *I FEAR my old friend Sir Tim Bell is feeling the strain somewhat after the public leaking of Lord Hanson's critical letter to him about his less than robust handling of the press covering Hanson's predatory stake in ICI.*

When he attended a conference of the Newspaper Publishers Association recently at the Royal Lancaster Hotel in Kensington, Tinkerbell was reportedly brilliant in the morning, arguing vigorously that it is better to advertise in newspapers than on television. But by the afternoon he seemed to be suffering from the effects of a heavy cold and copious draughts of strong medication.

In front of an audience of 300, Tinkerbell made a rambling speech about — well, no one is quite sure what it was about, except that there were numerous references to lavatories. Those who witnessed both the morning and afternoon performances could hardly believe it was the same man.

CHUMS on Newmarket Heath tell me of an unseemly occurence involving millionaire racehorse trainer Henry Cecil and the new-look *Tatler* magazine.

Cecil had been asked to pen a review of a Land-Rover for the glossy's motoring pages and had apparently replied that he would "be delighted to". Accordingly, the vehicle was delivered to Cecil and arrangements were made for a photographer to snap writer and car a week later.

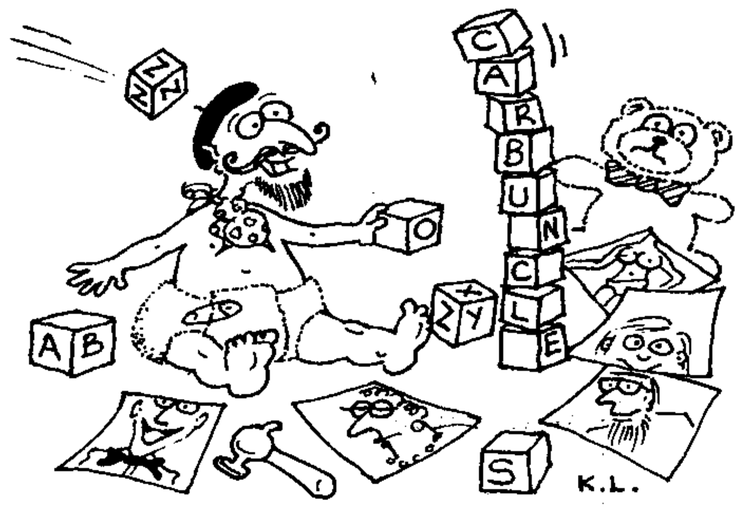
When the photographer arrived, however, Cecil told him that he would require a fee of £5,000 to pose next to the vehicle, let alone consent to his review being published.

This offer was politely declined and the photographer set off across the heath to find Cecil's saintly ex-wife Julie, whose review of the Land-Rover has since appeared.

Pseuds Corner

William T. Vollmann hauls a huge lump of metal up from the floor of his book-lined New York apartment. The rectangle has a lock, hasps, rivets. It is a poem, *The Convict Bird*, encased in 20 pounds of steel. "I wrote it about a friend serving a life sentence in prison," he explains. "The binding of the book is its own prison. The bookmark is made from the hair of prostitutes."

The Independent



Alistair Raphael invites the viewer to visit the internal structure of ideas. Using photography and architecture he is currently sizing up and dismantling the notion of medical institutions and the role they play in modern constructions of urban homosexuality.

JEANIE O'HARE
Arnolfini Gallery, Bristol

I am not a demon. I am a lizard, a shark, a heat-seeking panther. I am one watt above darkness. I am a glow-in-the-dark roller-coaster. I am a hard-on. I want to be Bob Denver on acid playing the accordion; I want to drink Jack Daniel's while driving my Corvette off the Grand Canyon. I am the frog you never kissed. I am a sinner looking for some peace. I believe in the sword that gives life. I am a family man and a bachelor. I don't believe in God but I'm afraid of Him. So I'll pray.

NICHOLAS CAGE
The Face

There are signs of hope. There is a new and even younger generation whose icon is singer/performer Madonna; she stands hand on crotch, preaching to her sisters: masturbate. Madonna is no male masturbatory fantasy — though she is that too — but rather she embodies sexual woman/working woman and yes, I think you could put mother in there too. I can see Madonna with a baby in her arms, and the hand still on her crotch.

NANCY FRIDAY
Guardian

The pungent lewdness of Ice-T's early successes has largely given way to social comment, but he retains a unique romantic sensibility which is heard to rapturous acclaim in "Let's Get Butt-Naked and Fuck".

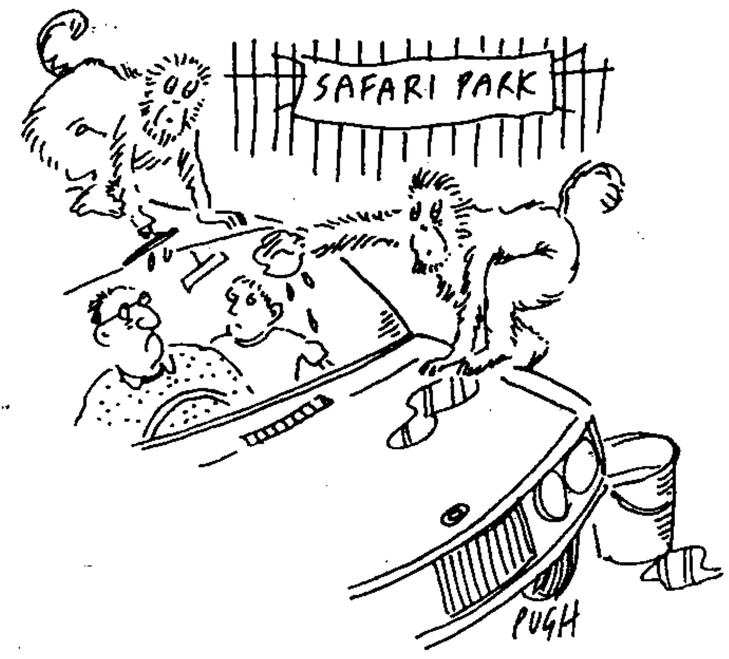
BEN THOMPSON
Independent on Sunday

TITUS ANATOMY FALL OF ROME
Heiner Muller's savage reworking of Shakespeare's Titus Andronicus provides the starting point for this new work by Index Theatre. Using video and performance Index combine manic tap-dancing, obsessional violence and amorous serenades in a challenging mix of bad jokes and cultural critique.

York Arts Centre pamphlet

CONTRIBUTORS: Mark Wilson, Oliver Smith, Paul Oswald, Mick Thurston, H. Ulcek, Neil Strange.

£10 paid for entries



● *THE Marquess of Blandford may be released from Oxford prison later this month, but his courtroom adventures are far from over. On 12 December he is due to appear before Oxford County Court for an "oral examination" to discover how much money he has and where it is. If he fails to turn up, as he did at a previous hearing in September, he will be back in the slammer for contempt of court.*

The case has been brought by a piano shop in Oxford. Music and Leisure, from whom Jamie Blandford bought a Yamaha Clavinover keyboard for £2,699 in May this year. He paid with a cheque — which bounced. When the shop rang to complain, the marquess's wife, Becky, said there would be some money in his account the following week and all would be well.

It wasn't. The shop rang again, and once more spoke to the marchioness — who briskly announced that she was too busy to talk to them as she was about to go riding. Later she told the shop's owner to "clear off".

Music and Leisure went to court and in August judgment was given against the marquess. Bailiffs were sent to seize assets from the Blandford house on the Blenheim estate — only to report, astonishingly, that they could find nothing there of sufficient value to cover the debt.

The couple who run the shop, who are neither rich nor aristocratic, are now left with a mounting bill for legal costs as well as still being owed the original £2,700. They did try appealing to Blandford's father, the Duke of Marlborough — but his secretary said that his grace was unable to help. Noblesse oblige, eh?

IS IT possible that my old colleague Auberon Waugh is going soft in his oldie age? Having commissioned the sabre-toothed American man-eater Rhoda Koenig to review Ned "Twinky" Sherrin's new book of theatrical anecdotes for *Literary Review*, Bron cannot have been surprised when she turned in a hatchet job. ("Of negligible interest... several alleged facts here are anything but... a smirky, unctuous tone..." etc.) Surely, then, the rumours suggesting Bron has sent Sherrin a letter apologising for la Koenig's rudeness are untrue?

TO GLYNDEBOURNE where I am heavily contaminated by the generous hospitality of Chris Harding, chairman of British Nuclear Fuels.

I am deeply shocked, however, when I note that Euro MP Ken Collins is also enjoying the largesse of BNF. He, of course, is an old friend of Harding's and has been chairman of the European Parliament's environment committee since 1979. Perhaps I am rather green to be shocked.

Pip Pip!

NOOKS and CORNERS

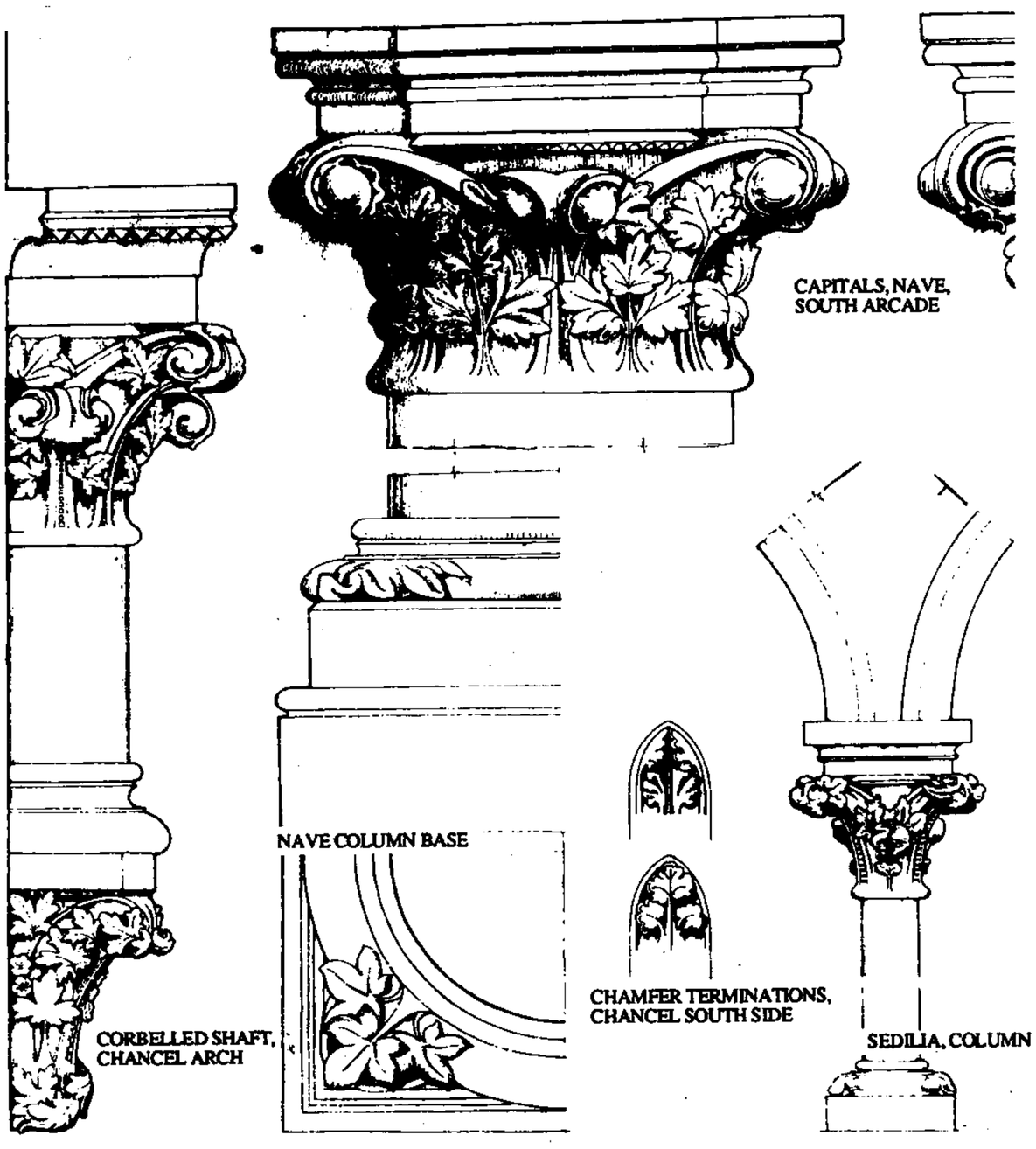
NEWS this week from deepest Kent. First, from Hawkhurst near Royal Tunbridge Wells, a charming village where there are two churches. One is medieval; the other, serving the northern part of the village, Victorian. This is All Saints', a particularly good work by Sir Gilbert Scott.

Built in 1859-61, it has a nave and two aisles, each with its own gable and roof. Mr David Cole, Scott's biographer, describes this as, "a design of unusual purity, possibly the best of Scott's small churches". This building achieved modest fame back in 1978 when some beautiful measured drawings of it won first prize in a competition organised by Messrs Wiggins Teape in conjunction with the Victorian Society and *The Architects' Journal*.

All Saints' was declared redundant in October 1990 and is now in the "waiting period" during which a new use is sought under the "Pastoral Measure". The Advisory Board for Redundant Churches considers that All Saints' is good enough to be preserved by vesting in the Redundant Churches Fund, but naturally the diocese of Canterbury has other, more profitable ideas.

A scheme has been prepared by Chapman Taylor Partners, architects, to build nine housing units in the churchyard and to convert the church itself into five dwellings. This involves removing the roof of the nave and taking down its west wall to form a courtyard, leaving only the walls of the aisles standing at the west end. The nave's western rose window will then be re-erected in the chancel arch, to leave the chancel as a little chapel while flats are crammed into the aisles.

Well, I suppose the conversion is not too badly done; but it mutilates the original design and the Victorian Society is utterly opposed. The Council for the Care of Churches has reported that, "the church is remarkable for surviving with all its original decorative carved stonework and fittings... There is, however, no doubt that the interest of the church... is concentrated at the east end... The Council therefore acknowledges that a sympathetic architect would be able to prepare a scheme for the conversion of the nave which would be acceptable. We would, however, be very doubtful about the unroofing of the nave..."



All Saints', Hawkhurst
Architects' Journal 1978

Perhaps that sympathetic architect could have been Mr Robert Chitham, a partner with Chapman Taylor who is working on this job and who signed the letter to the Royal Fine Art Commission arguing that the parish was opposed to All Saints' being vested in the fund as this would be "likely, paradoxically, to deny them the regular use of the chancel as a chapel, and leave a... dead building".

Never mind that the new rules on churches preserved by the fund allow for the holding of services and that if the parish still wants to worship in All Saints' it should not have been declared redundant in the first place; the really interesting part of this story is why Mr Chitham knows this church so well. For not only does he live in the village, but it was he who won the Wiggins Teape Measured Drawings competition back in 1978. One might have hoped he would show more sympathy for the building by Sir Gilbert Scott that brought him temporary glory.

DOWN the road in Tonbridge, meanwhile, the farce over the rebuilding of the Tonbridge School Chapel, destroyed by fire in 1988, continues (Eye 768). Donald Buttress continues to maintain that he is justified in redesigning, that is, mutilating, rather than restoring the original Edwardian chapel on the grounds of both structural stability and economy.

But the "Campaign for the Restoration of Tonbridge School Chapel" now points out that English Heritage's and other independent engineers have reported that the fire-damaged walls are perfectly capable of supporting the type of roof they were originally designed to carry, so there is no practical justification for Buttress's horrible lightweight industrial structure. Bearded Donald has also claimed that it is far too expensive to reinstate the Edwardian Gothic windows, but London Stone now reports that a proper restoration is no more expensive than realising Buttress's revolting design for new tracery.

Furthermore, English Heritage has criticised four aspects of the Buttress design, including the form of the windows and roof, while maintaining that this non-restoration is "justifiable in philosophic terms" because of the "relatively lowly status" of the listing of the original building at Grade II. As most listed buildings are Grade II — the lowest — this comment is as absurd as it is irrelevant. Naturally the contradictory nature of this response has nothing to do with the fact that Bearded Donald sits on English Heritage's churches' committee and saw the inspector's report before it was published.

The Conservation Practice has demonstrated that it is possible fully to restore the exterior of the chapel and to create a suitably dignified new interior at a cost not significantly greater than Buttress's estimate. Why can't the school governors now swallow their pride, admit they have been misguided, and carry out what almost everybody wants — a proper restoration of a good Edwardian building?

'Piloti'

RAIL NEWS

RECENT tragic events on the railways in Strathclyde Region are ghoulishly similar: the fatal train crash at Newton in July in which four people died was almost identical to the fatal train crash at Bellgrove in March 1989.

The dread hand of the Department of Transport can be seen in both accidents, for they occurred where — and because — double tracks had recently been reduced to one, ostensibly to reduce "costs".

It is obvious to any spectator that running commuter trains in both directions on the same track is far more dangerous than running them on separate tracks. Indeed it is so obvious that even the DoT, in its report on the inquiry into Bellgrove, admitted that the accident "could not have happened before the track was realigned." The report's conclusion — that the single-track layouts are "acceptable in principle on safety grounds" — illustrates the completely illogical basis of DoT advice.

The uncanny sense of *déjà-vu* was underlined when the DoT appointed Robin Seymour to head the Newton inquiry. Seymour is familiar as the inspector who ruled on the Bellgrove inquiry, which would have avoided the four deaths at Newton had it decided against the creation of further single-lead junctions.

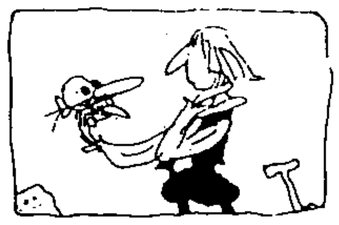
Among those incensed at his appointment was the train drivers' union, ASLEF, which is appearing on behalf of a Newton crash victim's widow and which threatened legal action if Seymour were not replaced. Surprisingly the DoT has bowed to the union's demands.

FERRY NEWS

PEOPLE in Dover are demanding a halt to the use of night ferry boats to bring in nuclear fuel from Germany for reprocessing in Sellafield.

They have sent a petition with 18,500 signatures to the Dover Harbour Board saying the town should copy Rotterdam which has refused to handle the cargoes and forced the industry to send them through Dunkirk.

There is not much chance that Dover will do likewise. The chairman of the Dover Harbour Board, John Maltby, also happens to be chairman of the Atomic Energy Authority.



LUVVIES

For me, as an actor, the opportunity to be on the stage, month after month, with Sir John and with Alan Bennett himself was golden. Every rehearsal and every performance was a master class in clarity and simplicity and, I hope I won't be accused of going too far, love.

PAUL EDDINGTON
Independent

Submitted by Lynn Lawrence

An occasional column featuring gems from the acting profession. £10 for contributions.

TV

40 Minutes: Autogeddon

(BBC2)

THE TELEVISION productions of earlier Heathcote Williams green-scream poems — *Whale Nation* and *Sacred Elephant* — were produced by BBC arts strands, but it seems now to have been accepted that, in these works, the message is more important than the medium. And so Heathcote's latest manifesto — *Autogeddon*, a snarl against cars — was relegated to *40 Minutes*.

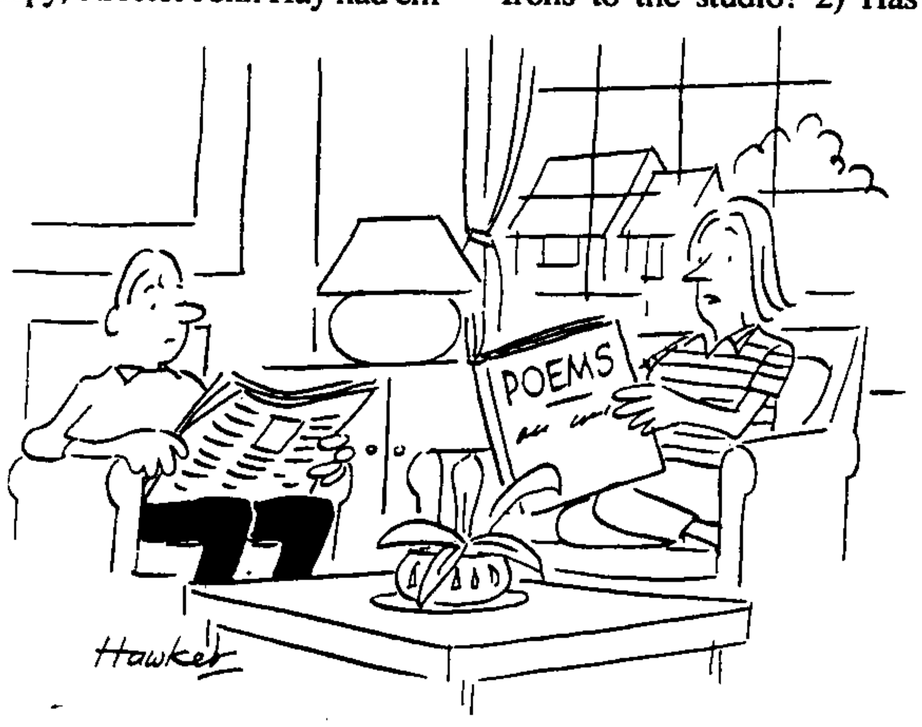
This was a happy marriage for both the series, which is education for the Volvo-driving classes, and for the verse. Performance on *40 Minutes* must equate, in poetical terms, to publication in *Reader's Digest*, which is about the level of the stuff.

Autogeddon is so apocalyptic as to invite sniggers. No rant has ever gone so effortlessly over a top so high. You have heard of people going joy-riding, for a thrill, in cars. Heathcote Williams goes gloom-riding, for a thrill, against cars. His main thematic trick is to compare cars, wherever possible, with Nazis. A vehicle on the street is "an alfresco gas chamber". Hitler had a picture of Henry Ford on his desk. The Führer also drove a car — a Mercedes — which is still produced "with militaristic precision" by those Germans.

The 17 million fatalities in car crashes since the vehicle was invented amount to, the verse calculates: "more than twice the number in the death-camps... a hum-drum Holocaust." We are spared only a nudge about what fuelled the cattle-trucks. Some may wonder at the moral subtlety of a man willing to equate separate incidents of bad driving with the systematic elimination of a race by one man.

But Heathcote has just got going. As for petrol. Well, the poet notes: "During medical experiments at Auschwitz/ Petroleum was injected into human flesh/Just to see what would happen..." It is in much the same spirit, you tend to think, that Williams injects the statistic into his verse. But, just in case the reader/viewer is still thinking idly about a new set of furry dice for the old rustbucket, the poet pulls in some images from later in the century. A car is like "a cocktail-party cokehead snorting powdered Colombian blood".

A few pages of this would be enough for most. *40 Minutes* of it was scarcely bearable. Apparently worried that the verse might be too chirpy, director John Hay had employed Jeremy Irons, black-clad in half-light, to urgently intone the poem. Specially filmed images of careering and bleeding vehicles and accident victims interspersed the words. The mood of doom was further souped-up by swathes of music from Fauré's Requiem and the Carmina Burana: these choices may have intended puns on requiem forays and car, respectively.



"He speaks movingly of the horrors of the Radio Four set-up"

When published by Jonathan Cape, the book, given the poet's own reasonably green lifestyle, was merely sanctimonious: holisticer-than-thou. As a television documentary, it becomes a stinking piece of hypocritical piety. It begins with the *Radio Times* front cover of a brooding Jeremy Irons announcing that the motor car is DRIVING HIM MAD. Two more pages of similar cant inside are sabotaged by the later revelation that his is a two-car family.

This won't do. Those who worked on the television productions of the earlier whale and elephant poems needed to make no more than a vague commitment to avoid eating too many dolphin chops and tusk-burgers. But *Autogeddon*, in its warnings, touches directly on the methods of production of TV programmes. Discovering in the *40 Minutes* credits both a "2nd Unit" and a "helicopter pilot", for aerial photography, the viewer begins to suspect this may have been quite a gas-guzzling documentary.

The following questions urgently need to be answered: 1) Was a BBC car sent to bring Mr Irons to the studio? 2) Has Mr Alan Yentob, the controller of the channel on which the programme was shown, given up his chauffeur-driven BBC limo? 3) During the filming of the illustrative sequences, did the various crews — lighting, sound, camera — travel, in accordance with corporation and union practice, in separate Range Rovers; or did they all slum it together in one deleaded-petrol van?

In a living room somewhere in the middle of England, two BBC2 viewers switch off. "That was a bit of fun, love. Did you see those vintage Mercs? That was some set of wheels."/"I do like that Jeremy Irons. Nice voice. Can I have the Volvo for the school run tomorrow?"/"Nah. I need it for work. Take the Metro."

'Square Eyes'

MEDIA NEWS

JOHN BIRT'S courageous announcement that his news hounds "will not be bullied" by Conservative Central Office doesn't quite square with what is happening at BBC Television News.

To the surprise of everyone (including himself, allegedly), the successful "applicant" for the post of Southern Africa correspondent has turned out to be John Harrison, who has been plucked from his job as political correspondent and exiled to Johannesburg.

Harrison is a burly and aggressive former Fleet Street hack who displayed a worrying lack of patience with Tory MPs seeking to nobble the BBC in time for the coming election.

So after interviewing 17 applicants for the South African vacancy, Tony "Head Prefect" Hall, the BBC's insipid director of news and current affairs, warmly congratulated the startled Harrison and packed him off to the Southern Hemisphere, well out of harm's way.

THE BBC's pathetic daytime offering "People Today" is performing direly in the ratings and has received a universal panning from the newspapers — all, that is, except the *Daily Mail* and *Mail on Sunday*.

Mail readers who have been puzzled by the relentless plugging of "People Today", the tributes to Nigel Pratt-Dumpster's "sensational" interviews and the general rubbishing of the ITV opposition should puzzle no more.

The *Mail* owns independent production company New Era. New Era makes programmes for "People Today", including *Dumpster's World*.

A COUPLE of years ago, in a *TV Times* article on David Letterman, the American comedian and chat show host, our own overrated Jonathan Ross was quoted, while talking of *Late Night with David Letterman*: "I think it's brilliant but I wouldn't want to watch too much because I've a feeling I would be influenced by it."

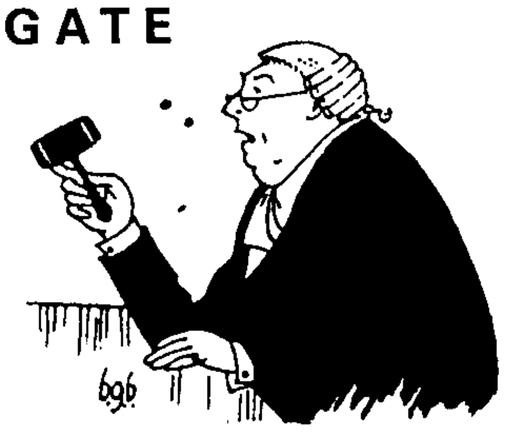
For Dross's new series of late night shows from the Big Apple, he appears to have fulfilled his own prophecy. Not only has he nicked much of Letterman's format — such as the roaming camera shots with which the show opens and the questioning of New Yorkers in the street which Letterman pioneered almost a decade ago — but he has also booked some of the same guests (Alba Ballard, the Parrot Lady; magicians Penn and Teller) or the same sort of guests (a sportscaster presenting a selection of sports boobs).

Dross has even asked some of his guests the same questions as Letterman asked them in the past: Brooke Shields was quizzed about her eyebrows and her relationship with Michael Jackson.

No doubt he has been aided in this exercise by researcher Cathy Vasapoli, formerly a researcher on the Letterman show. But it was a bit rich to hear Woss defending himself on Channel 4's *Right to Reply* by claiming he was trying to do something different.

CORPORATION STREET W.12
An everyday story of Broadcasting Folk
"I'VE SAID WE'RE NOT GOING TO BE BULLIED BY ANY POLITICAL PARTY!"
BROADCASTING HOUSE
Tories attack BBC 'Bias'
"SO WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?"
ROVER'S REPEAT
THE
BAR
"CUT STAFF BY 50% SO WE CAN KEEP THE LICENCE FEE"
"one & a halves all round!"
BAR
MEMO
HOW TO PLEASE THE GOVERNMENT
Ken Pyne

LIBELGATE



AMID the tumult of Mirrorgate and the blizzard of writs from Cap'n Bob, one simple question has been overlooked: how, exactly, has Seymour Hersh libelled Robert Maxwell?

In *The Samson Option*, Hersh alleges that Maxwell discussed the *Sunday Mirror*'s handling of the Vanunu story with the paper's editor, Mike Molloy, and that he ordered Molloy to take Vanunu's photographs to the Israeli embassy.

Even supposing — purely for the sake of argument — that this were untrue, where is the libel?

It isn't defamatory to suggest that Robert Maxwell might interfere editorially with one of the newspapers he owns: he does it all the time, and as proprietor has every right to.

Nor, surely, is it defamatory to allege that Cap'n Bob might help the state of Israel defend itself against whistleblowers who want to endanger the country's nuclear secrets. In his famous interview in the October issue of *Playboy* he actually boasts that he works as an agent for Israel ("Shamir sent me to America to see your new President"), and he continually speaks of the Israeli government in the first person ("We are ready to make peace, but they [Arab countries] must accept that I can't have a Palestinian state pointing a revolver at the heart of Israel").

Maxwell thus has a patriotic duty to shop any enemies of the Israeli government. To claim that he *didn't* order Molloy to take the photos to the embassy — now that might be libellous. But since nobody has suggested that, it's hard to see what the fat man is getting so cross about.

ONE of the jollier ironies of Mirrorgate is the identity of the two hacks who supervised the *Sunday Mirror*'s original story about Mordechai Vanunu, and whose evidence may be crucial to Maxwell's chances of winning his libel suit against Seymour Hersh. They are Peter Miller and Tony Frost — both of whom were sacked some time ago by Cap'n Bob.

Perhaps Maxwell ought to be trying to mend his fences with the pair. But there's no sign of it yet in Peter Miller's case: instead, Maxwell is inviting further confrontation and embarrassment by appealing against an industrial tribunal's judgement that Miller was unfairly dismissed.

Frost, by contrast, seems to be seizing the chance to resume relations with the *Sunday Mirror*. On 27 October the paper printed a long interview with him, in which the former news editor loyally insisted that neither Nick Davies nor Robert Maxwell had any influence on the decision to attack Vanunu.

The *Mirror* must be grateful for his cooperation. It remains to be seen whether a libel jury will be quite so impressed by Frost as a witness — especially when it learns that he was fired from the paper for dishonesty and corruption.

ONE person who was none too pleased by Frost's interview in the *Sunday Mirror* two weeks ago was his old boss Eve Pollard, who now edits the *Sunday Express*.

According to Frost, Seymour Hersh had spoken to him of a "blonde Jewish woman" at the *Sunday Mirror* who had passed information about Vanunu to the Israeli government. "You don't mean Eve Pollard, do you?" Frost had asked. "Yes," Hersh replied, "that's the one." Frost had then told Hersh that this was "way off beam" and "total nonsense" since Pollard didn't even work for the *Mirror* at the time.

When la Bollard saw the first edition of the paper on Saturday evening, her lawyer despatched a stern fax to Cap'n Bob demanding that the *Mirror* remove the references to her forthwith. He added that she would expect extra damages for each subsequent edition the quotes appeared in. The *Sunday Mirror* ignored the threat and ran the story unchanged.

One mystery remains. Bollard's lawyer claimed that the references to her were "not only libellous but gratuitously offensive". In fact they were clearly neither: Hersh called her "a blonde Jewish woman" not to be offensive (he is Jewish himself) but because he couldn't remember her name; and the *Mirror* article emphasised that she had nothing to do with the paper's Vanunu coverage. Why, then, should Eve Pollard be so astonishingly touchy and litigious at any mention of her name in connection with the Israeli government?

Sally Deedes

IN THE GOOD old days when directory inquiries gave out addresses free, one large mailing list firm was found to be making around 25,000 check calls a day. It was to dissuade others from cashing in on British Telecom's "generosity" that BT introduced its global charges for everyone.

The ploy has worked so well that thousands of private subscribers have stopped calling and 6,000 operators have recently been axed. So much for public service.

However, a small paper called the *Telecomms Regulation Review*, published in Halifax, has unearthed a neat way to use the inquiry service for free. First, buy a payphone — secondhand, they can be found for around £50 or less from most telephone retailers. There is no need to feed coins into the payphone: simply switch it to non-coin operation and make your inquiry in the normal way.

Next, one must notify the local BT office that one has installed a payphone and ask it to reclassify the line as such. This costs nothing and ordinary calls will be charged at exactly the same rate as previously. Calls to directory inquiries are free, the only condition being that one must make at least three ordinary calls for every free one. If you make an unusually high number of inquiries you must make sure the three in one balance is preserved.

THE POST OFFICE, a body run with the same dazzling efficiency as British Rail, introduced its new international postal tariffs in September, a feature of which was the division of the weight bands between 2kgs and 5kgs into tiny 20g and 50g increments.

This additional complication would be bearable but for one factor: over 2kgs, the scales used by the Post Office (current motto: "Don't guess it, check it!") are only accurate enough to weigh in 100g divisions!

A firm of booksellers in Wales with many overseas customers makes considerable use of the international post and pointed out the anomaly to the Post Office. It received a letter from the chairman's office acknowledging that the "parcels scales can weigh over 1800g but not accurately enough for the new weight steps".

To rectify the matter, which affects just 0.1 percent of items carried by Royal Mail International, the Post Office will not be taking the simple step of revising the tariff or reverting to the old rates. Instead it will be spend, spend, spend as it replaces "existing scales with more modern and accurate electronic scales in the near future".

As postal charges rise with no discernible improvement in service, this is just the latest in a series of bizarre decisions. However, one useful tip for those sending parcels abroad this Christmas is to remember it is still cheaper to send 1kg parcels by first class letter post than by parcel post (theoretically they should get there faster); and if you want to post two items to the same address weighing say 550g each — send them separately for £2.30 as opposed to packing them together for £3.15.

ORCADIAN NEWS

THE Orkney public inquiry looks set to run and run — much to the dismay of island councillors who have complained bitterly to Lord Clyde about the pace of the proceedings.

Their complaints are thought to be not entirely unconnected with the probability that his lordship's conclusions will be published shortly before next year's local elections. Add to this the recently announced Cleveland settlement, which has cost that council a sum not unadjacent to £6 million, and it's easy to see why there are some worried faces in the Kirkwall offices of Orkney Islands Council (OIC).

At least the Cleveland disaster had the backing of medical opinion, albeit now discredited; full examinations of the children snatched from their home in Orkney in February showed that there was no evidence of sexual abuse whatsoever.

Nevertheless social workers parade before the inquiry to insist, one after another, that the children should not have been returned to their parents. They refer to the children by their initials — which means they can be identified by schoolfriends and neighbours — and which also serves to confuse the children snatched in February with others who were abused by a father who received a lengthy term in jail.

The testimonies would be funny if they weren't so worrying. One of the early witnesses was Charlie Fraser, a senior social worker and occasional bus driver — who drove the bus which carried the children who were snatched from school last November.

Charlie was at pains to point out that he does not allow his membership of the Christian Fellowship to interfere with his work. He went on to explain that he had nothing at all to do with the CF summer camp this year, when one of the sessions was devoted to encouraging young children to play with a Ouija board. The session ended with most of the kiddies in tears.

So far the star turn has undoubtedly been Sue Millar, the team leader at the time of the "upliftings", who has explained at length what was not deemed to be acceptable to the social services department. Letters, presents and even school-work all failed to reach the children after they had been removed to the mainland and Mrs Millar was able to find worrying evidence in almost everything:

- One letter was kept back because the senders (who are farmers) described sheep in a distant field as "looking like fat little maggots". This was thought to be most sinister.
- Another letter was kept because the parents who sent it referred to changing a light bulb and mending a heater. It was decided that these were probably coded references "with sexual connotations".
- Mrs Millar was very worried about the amount of "Turtle" equipment being sent as presents to the younger children. None of it was forwarded.
- One parent referred to the group AC/DC. Mrs Millar soon deduced that AC/DC "probably stood for Anti-Christ/Devil's Children".
- One child mentioned that a dental check-up was due. His file was marked "Teeth check — ritual link?"

Even that old favourite the teddy bear wasn't safe and when one of these furry toys was sent it was dismembered. Having been told to get stuffed many times in the last few months, our social workers now know what the process involves.

Sue Millar has now resigned, citing her disagreement with social services director Paul Lee's policies as the reason for her resignation. If Lee fails to survive the inquiry, many people fear Millar will make a Sinatra-style comeback.

NORTH SEA NEWS

AMOCO, the giant oil company, has shown its deep regard for the Health and Safety Executive after its recent and successful prosecution of Stena for unsafe conditions for divers on the rigs.

No sooner was the case over than AMOCO was reawarding its contract for training divers to Stena and its good ship Stena Mayo. Until now, these contracts have only been awarded for a year — Amoco has now doubled the time for this one to two years.

MARCUS HUMPHREY, Tory candidate in Kincardine and Deeside, certainly deserved the prize for political opportunism during the by-election campaign in the Tory marginal.

No sooner had he declared that he saw no reason for the proposals for the introduction of "trust" status for Aberdeen's Foresterhill hospital not to go ahead (see last *Eye*), than, oops, he changed his mind.

This was an entirely personal decision and had nothing to do with the fact that 78 percent of voters in the constituency had been shown to oppose the trust.

WHEN Derek Enright, certain victor in the Hemsworth by-election in west Yorkshire, finally takes his seat on the Labour benches in the Commons, there will be some red faces.

In 1984, Enright was deselected by his Leeds European Parliamentary constituency after only one term. Opponents cited his views on matters like abortion and passed on rumours that he had been paying his staff so little they were drawing family income supplement. He put paid to those rumours by sacking his staff as soon as he was deselected. One of their number, John Battle, will now be a colleague in the Labour lobby.

This embarrassing situation is the result of an imposed candidacy by Roy Hattersley and his minions Joyce Gould and Eddie Haig. When the troika went along to select the People's Party candidate, no one *seriously* expected them to allow a 20,000 majority to fall into the hands of Ken Capstick, one of Arthur Scargill's men.

Even though Capstick was backed up by the once mighty miners' union NUM and had the support of the local party and union branches, Fattersley's triumvirate decided he was unsuitable — unsound on party policy and unions, and somewhat amnesiac about his opposition to party energy policy only the week before at conference. Instead they imposed Enright, a failed MEP and former deputy headmaster, whose views on abortion and many other issues make the Pope look like a Militant.

MICHAEL HOWARD, the Government's not very funny joke employment minister (see *Eye* 778), continues to put his foot in it over the huge redundancies announced by Sealink Stena in his Folkestone and Hythe constituency.

Following the announcement Howard arranged an urgent meeting with the Sealink Stena management — at which the company scored a major PR victory at Howard's expense.

Normally the unemployed must be on the dole for at least six months before being eligible for any of the Government's retraining or back-to-work gimmicks. However, redundant Stena employees will get preferential treatment: they can join the local job clubs straight away and will have instant access to retraining places — the employment department itself putting up the money to set up these facilities at Folkestone Harbour, thus duplicating existing local provision.

Howard wrote to his constituents claiming this as a major victory. In fact other local employers and the unemployed are fuming at the preferential treatment being handed out.

MEANWHILE proof that Michael Howard's meet-the-jobless walkabouts are little more than a cynical PR exercise on behalf of the Conservative Party came on a recent visit to an executive "job club" in Bristol.

While the flesh-pressing jolly generated lots of publicity for Howard (a local TV crew were treated to his usual "recession is over" comments) and created lots of work for some (a posse of well-paid PR minders and Department of Employment jobsworths scoffed a champagne lunch at the Swallow [*sic*] Hotel) what it achieved for the unemployed is less sure.

What is sure, however, is that if you are on £39.45 a week dole and depend on a job club's help with postage, telephones and newspapers to find work, you shouldn't ask the minister awkward questions.

One 43-year-old who has been out of work for 14 months asked, not unreasonably, what he was supposed to do once his four-month stint at the club was over. He was then pounced on by a gaggle of suits who berated him for bothering the minister with such an unhelpful, ill-informed question.

Many job club's give the unemployed six months' help, but the one in Bristol gives only four, with the extra two months open to review. The jobless executive, with 45p in his pocket, then went off to lick his wounds on a park bench having been told by the club's managing director that he'd made a fool of himself and, surprise, surprise, would not be considered for an extension.

Luckily the minister also met a beaming 57-year-old who, to smiles all round, played the game and told Howard he hoped to be working again soon.

JOHN MAJOR is tarnishing his image as Mr Clean by insisting to environmentalists that Brussels ordered him to freeze work on four major construction projects which are in breach of EC law without giving him a chance to discuss the matter first. This is not true.

The trouble, brought about by the intervention of European environment commissioner Carlo Ripa di Meana on 17 October, came while Major was in Harare and he quickly called for a full report. After studying it, he said that "the UK had no prior notice of the move" (*FT*) and "we had no previous notice of it" (*Guardian*). This is a complete fiction and it is very difficult to see how Mr Major can be unaware of it.

Friends of the Earth possess a copy of a draft EC letter which records that the European Commission wrote to the UK Government on these matters in October 1989, January 1990, June 1990 and March 1991. All the letters were answered by government departments.

The solicitors representing the Twyford Down Association, which is opposing an extension of the M3 in Hampshire, also warned Malcolm Rifkind, the Transport Secretary, that the commission intended to intervene. Two replies came from senior civil servants in his department; while environment minister Timothy Yeo even wrote to a Tory MP, Peter Bottomley, saying the commission had written to the Government.

In addition, the facts were put in the public domain by *Private Eye* back in August. Following Ripa di Meana's outburst last month, a spokesman for the Department of the Environment confirmed to the *Eye* that there *had* been a prior warning. He said: "There has been a draft of it and this was sent to us. Ministers have seen it. What arrived yesterday [the formal warning] is essentially the same as what has been around for some weeks."

Either someone is lying to the Prime Minister — or the Prime Minister is being economical with the truth in his dealings with the public.

THE closing date for registering votes from expatriates is now over, but a final sign of the desperation of Tories at their increasing failure to procure the huge foreign vote they wanted is a letter from James Arbuthnot, MP for Wanstead and Woodford, to Mr E.M. Kennard, a civil engineer, who has registered to vote in Hong Kong.

Mr Arbuthnot pleads: "Locally, we have only 61 overseas voters and nationally the total is very low, 33,000. You will probably know of other British people who may not yet have registered; could you ask them to sign up? With this in mind, I am enclosing one or two extra registration forms."

Unhappily for Mr Arbuthnot, Mr Kennard had registered in order to vote *against* the Tory Government, and the Arbuthnot letter is circulating far and wide in Hong Kong to the great amusement of the large number of expatriates there who do not support the Government.

CLARE Short's victory in Ladywood — guaranteed by the party's decision to freeze her reselection — looks set to herald a new round of bloodletting with three of Birmingham's would-be MPs.

Short's opponent, former city councillor Sardul Marwa, was merely an Anthony Meyer-style stalking horse for the ambitious Albert Bore, chairman of the powerful Economic Development Committee and a councillor for Ladywood whom readers may recall once spent more than £1,000 a month on chauffeur-driven cars and taxis at the city council's expense.

Bore was selected as Labour's parliamentary candidate back in 1980, but the Boundaries Commission changed the constituency forcing another selection which he lost to Short before the election. Since, the two have never got on — unlike Bore and Marwa who are good pals.

Even more important, Marwa's job as boss of the Handsworth Opportunities Programme for Employment (see last *Eye*) depends on £117,000 annual handouts from — you guessed it — the Economic Development Committee. It was not hard for Bore to persuade Marwa to test the water. Bore also ensures the EDC funds a huge range of other enterprises in Ladywood — all coincidentally staffed by Labour party members, many of whom also coincidentally sit on his own selection committee. Bore and his colleagues have even arranged for the city to give grants to a city nightclub, the Hummingbird, whose boss Lloyd Blake is a member of... the Ladywood selection committee.

But now Short is after blood — a national inquiry into the Ladywood party's selection committee is underway and others, into the local web of patronage and nepotism, are expected shortly. In Small Heath, the bonfire night effigy was none other than Roger Godsiff, Denis Howell's successor-elect.

THE City of London and Westminster Conservative Association boasts a deficit of £28,593 — a situation not helped by the attitude of Sir John Wheeler, Tory MP for neighbouring Westminster North.

According to the minutes of the Westminster South association's finance and general purposes committee, Sir John turned up unexpectedly at a recent fund-raising luncheon attended by Norman Lamont at the Royal Westminster Hotel "and, despite there being no space available, he was accommodated in the best possible way. After consultation, it had been decided that a very courteous letter be written asking him to pay for his lunch: a somewhat forthright reply had now been received which demonstrated that offence had apparently been taken."

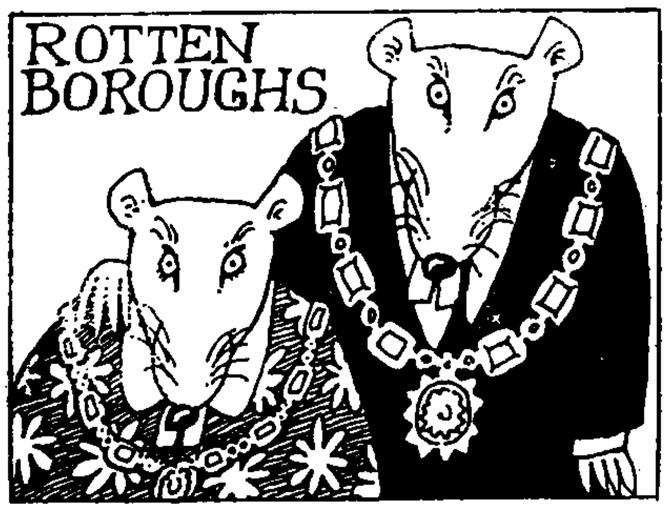
THOSE who know of Eve Pollard's fawning loyalty to the Conservative cause will be shocked to learn that she has urged all hacks at the *Sunday Getsworse* to join the Labour Party.

Fear not: it is merely a journalistic ruse. La Bollard believes that, by infiltrating their local Labour parties, her hacks will be able to discover and expose Kinnock's secret plans, thereby sabotaging his general election campaign. Presumably they will be able to claim their membership fees on expenses.

La Bollard's ignorance of political realities is most touching. As anyone who actually belongs to the Labour Party could tell her, the ordinary members are always the last to be told what Walworth Road or the leader's office are up to.

'Backbiter'

"We've had a rethink on spending – here's our new green paper"



STAFFORDSHIRE

HEADS have finally begun to roll in Staffordshire over the council's disgraced "pin-down" method of treating children in its care.

John Spurr, one of two deputy directors of social services, has now left the council's employ, two years after the council was forcibly stopped from using the brutal method.

Spurr, in fact, had the gall to tell the pin-down inquiry that he had no knowledge of the pin-down atrocities, an excuse which backfired when the inquiry concluded that this said all it needed to know about the management of Staffs' social services.

However, Spurr was the first council officer to be confronted by the outside world with details of the horrors of pin-down when a local solicitor, Kevin Williams, contacted the deputy, back in 1989, to ask why a teenage waif had been confined to her Spartan room in a council home, dressed only in pyjamas, for weeks on end.

But did Spurr fall or was he pushed?

Staffs council, hardly the most reliable source in the Potteries, maintains that he was sacked after being suspended on full pay with 11 other pin-downers for more than a year. But they would say that, wouldn't they?

As most of the civilized world had condemned the council's lack of concern over pin-down, it now wants to appear to be taking a (belated) tough line against its perpetrators.

In fact once again the council does not appear to be telling the entire truth. Spurr was actually allowed to take early retirement rather than suffer the ignominy of being booted out.

MURKEYSIDE

FITTINGLY Degsy's latest court appearance, at which his bullish defence lawyers hoping for a Ken Dodd-style result called for him to be committed for trial, was held before magistrates in Hatton Gardens. While the offences he is alleged to have committed are very small beer, Inspector Knacker launched another set of raids shortly before the hearing.

Among the newly-arrested was Collette Darcy, who has worked under Hatton since she developed a crush for the great man as a schoolgirl. Also trawled in was serving Councillor Frank "Postman Pat" Vaudrey, whom the *Eye* reported long ago was Degsy's delivery boy inside the municipal buildings. Vaudrey denied all knowledge at the time of the contents of the brown envelopes he passed out on Hatton's behalf.

Detective Superintendent "Buffalo" Bill Coady claims Operation Cheetah [sic] will be a long, drawn-out affair, and its snail-pace progress does not amuse Murkeysiders who pay their local taxes. Knacker's boys must come up with something substantial if they are to justify the large sums of taxpayers' money spent on the investigation to date.

BIRMINGHAM

THE huge price of insisting that Brummies should design and build the city's "showpiece" International Convention Centre is finally dawning on council leaders.

Costs rocketed from £104 million to £180 million — but there are still plenty of bills to come.

The extra costs mean the city will have to subsidise every conference for years to come because no one would be daft enough to pay the true price. That logic has led Labour council leader Sir "Dick" Knowles into the embarrassing position of offering the Conservatives the whole complex free of charge — a deal worth more than £1 million — to bring their 1993 conference to the city.

But even more problems are emerging from beneath the ICC's gleaming facades — just six months after the venue opened it faces a £2.3 million repair for its sound system, doubling its original cost. The problem lies with the miles of ducting carrying the delicate wiring for the Symphony Hall and ICC. The Birmingham architects who specified the ducts and the Walsall foundry which produced them decided on a cheap rough finish, with sharp corners and some of the ducts fully enclosed.

When sound contractors Tannoy-Audix installed their cables they had to drag them through the rough tubes. Only now has everyone realised the full extent of the damage, with kilometres of badly chafed but inaccessible cable needing replacement.

While project controller David Bucknall has sent the city fathers an evasive report blaming Tannoy-Audix for threatening to leave the site unless they were paid for the extra work, Brum's branch of Sue, Grabbit & Runne waits in the wings to claim its share — the city has put aside more than £1 million to deal with the legal battles it confidently expects.

BENT

THE world's wackiest political group, Bent's Democratic Labour Party (it was neither democratic nor Labour-supporting) is sadly no more.

The strange, misnamed faction's two members, Cllrs Poline Nyaga and Nkechi Amalu-Johnson aka Amazulu, have had a tiff over Nyaga's bid to turn an empty council flat below her Harlesden tenancy into a political office to rank alongside Amazulu's own seraglio in the council-owned Mahatma Gandhi House.

The power-crazed Amazulu showed rare public spiritedness berating her ally's empire-building urges with a nod towards Bent's serpentine housing waiting lists which stretch from the town hall to Neasden High Street. Amazulu vetoed Nyaga's request, thereby causing Nyaga to rend asunder the alliance.

Eye readers will recall that Democratic Labour has controlled the balance of power in Bent since last spring when the two African nationalism-spouting Labour councillors defected and threw in their lot with the minority Tory group in exchange for a megalomaniacal set of quasi-racist demands.

But with Democratic Labour consigned to the political dustbin there will, for now alas, be no return to the glory days of Bent-styled municipal socialism. Ironically, the Tories' position has been strengthened by the defection of another Labour councillor, Judith Harper, selected originally, like Nyaga and Amazulu, via Labour's naive and deeply patronising premise that all ethnically-deprived people must be socialists.

Harper in fact walked out on Labour for purely revanchist reasons — the council had evicted her from her bed-and-breakfast accommodation — and Labour refused to back her case! After vowing that she wouldn't be voting with the Tories Harper, with typical Bent inconsistency, is now doing so, seizing on Democratic Labour's demise to join forces with Nyaga and another Amazulu-hating defector, Harshad Barot.

Naturally the Tories wasted no time in ditching Amazulu having replenished stocks. She has been axed from her position as Bent housing chair and in vain has seen the error of her ways, blithely asking a local journalist who doubted her notorious support for Idi Amin: "Who is this Idi Amin? I am here only to serve the Queen of England."

The ex-Labour defectors, minus Amazulu, have now formed yet another alliance, the Independent Group, pledged, for now, to maintain Tory rule.

Meanwhile, in Britain's craziest rotten borough, Noel Martin, the Liberal candidate in a by-election in Bent's Queens Park ward, also happens to be a member of the Conservative Party!

CASTLE POINT

THE LONG years without opposition on Castle Point council, Essex, seems to have had some effect on Conservative councillors there.

"And this is our prize pig, Telecom"

One of the main recent controversies is a plan to develop a disco site on Canvey Island into a profitable block of flats. The site is owned by powerful Tory councillor Jack King, who always declares his interest. A recent planning committee meeting decided that permission couldn't be given unless the developer (King) also got "control" of a car park by the sea.

This matter was duly referred to the council's recreation committee, chairman... Jack King. Meanwhile, another plan to build a pitch and putt golf course on Canvey Island has been put forward by another Tory councillor, Bill Sharp, who also declares his interest on the recreation committee. The committee has decided by 12 votes to 5 to lease him the land.

Tony Burnell, a leader of the campaign to stop developer Peter de Savary from building a small town on Canvey Island, attended a recent meeting of the committee, where he was seized upon by Councillor Sharp and assaulted. After the incident, which was witnessed by a large crowd, Coun King approached the local reporter present and said: "There's no need for this to go in the paper is there? What good will it do?"

Local builder Brian White was a guest last month at King's luxurious Spanish villa. Coun Sharp was also there. The *Eye* did not have a correspondent at the villa and therefore cannot confirm whether the controversial issue of a Safeway supermarket on land owned by Brian White at Canvey Island was discussed.

SHEFFIELD

THE legacy of the World Students Games continues to haunt Sheffield's impoverished residents who will be paying for the multi-million pound loss-making fiasco for the next 50 years.

Local caterers Corporate Hospitality (Sheffield) Ltd plans to take legal action against the city's Labour-run council, the organisers, for "estimated loss of profit due to breach of contract".

In a moment of Bacchanalian madness council leaders had ordered for the Games dignitaries a series of ultra-lavish banquets. For instance, at the event's opening ceremony, 250 guests were due to feast at a cost to the hard-up council of a mere £105 per head! Once the opening ceremony's 250 guests had gorged their way through the £26,250 worth of grub, they could then make their way to the Sheffield arena where, presumably after an appropriate break, 235 of them could guzzle down foodstuffs costing £23,030, at only £98 a head this time.

Other feasts lined up for the festival-goers which Corporate Hospitality are complaining about include a low-key snackette (£83 a head for 1,000 guests) at the Don Valley stadium and, if they had recovered after two weeks of excess, a closing ceremony bash with costs pegged at a more sensible £50 per head. Total budgeted cost of all banquets to the tripe-eating Sheffielders: £164,280!

Although it now transpires that ungrateful council leaders cancelled some of Corporate Hospitality's hospitality, the company isn't saying how much was eaten nor how much was thrown up or thrown away, except that some of their calculations for the cost of the orgies were only "conservative estimates".

DOWN ON THE FARM

with 'Old Muckspreader'

THERE is much squirming at Tory Party Central Office as the scorned bureaucrats of Brussels step in to end a fiddle that the British Parliament has turned a blind eye to for years.

Regular readers will be familiar with the shenanigans of the Milk Monopoly Board and its blatant rigging of the market. In a scam going back decades, the milk moguls swindle £500 million from buyers of the doorstep pinta and hand it over in subsidies to the big diary companies.

Even Westminster's dwindling band of Thatcherites have been reluctant to speak out against the practice, fearful of bringing their farmer friends on to the streets in the run-up to an election. But now an interim ruling of the European Court at last looks like ending the board's outrageous market-fixing.

And in a desperate bid to buy more time, the turnip-heads at Thames Ditton insist on dragging the issue to a full court ruling, a process which could take two years.

A government really concerned about fair play for the consumer might be expected to intervene and withdraw the MMB's archaic powers. However, the word from cabinet is that fear of the bellowing farmer hordes overrides all other considerations. Thus it's left to the much-derided European Commission to go to the European Court for special measures obliging the UK milk bosses to abide by the interim ruling.

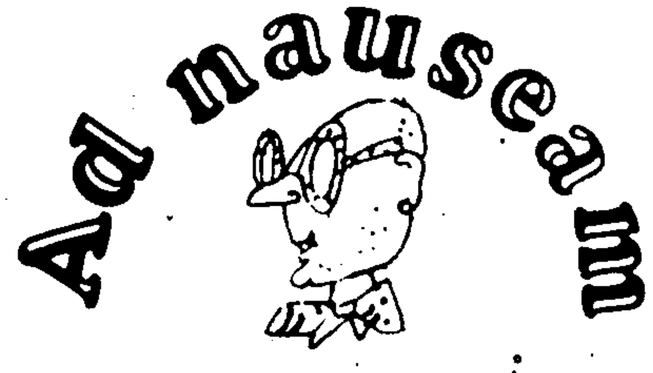
Thanks to "interference" from Brussels, the entire Monopoly Board edifice is likely to collapse like a limp Cornetto within weeks. Few outside the straw yards will regret its passing. Yet there ought to be some sort of memorial — perhaps a golden cow in Whitehall. It'll serve as a reminder that so long as they represent the landed classes, narrow vested interest groups still remain inviolable to the mother of democracies.

AS ACRONYMS go, nothing could sound more ozone friendly than LEAF — linking environment and farming. To quote from the worthy new organisation's glossy blurb, its aim is to "promote farm practices which combine care and concern for the environment with the responsible and economic use of modern methods to produce safe and wholesome food."

All very noble and heart-warming, especially when you peruse the list of advisory board members. Its ranks are stuffed with the great and good from the world of nature conservation, landscape protection, consumer affairs and food retailing.

Further investigation, however, suggests that the true purpose of LEAF may be less altruistic. Prominent on the organisation's executive committee are leading publicists for the pesticide industry, notably Richard Trow Smith, communications manager for the British Agrochemicals Association, and Eric Nickson, head of public affairs for the European Crop Protection Industry. The committee also includes Richard Knight, national adviser to the Farming and Wildlife Trust, an institution liberally funded by US pesticide giant Monsanto.

That the activities of LEAF are to be entirely financed by agrochemical companies suggests its motives may be more commercial. Old Muck fears its aim may simply be to make chemical farming look more friendly to an increasingly anxious public. Pesticide companies currently have a stranglehold on the farming press and an unhealthy influence on agricultural advice and research services. A takeover of farming's PR would be the obvious next step.



Sir,

Am I the only one to have noticed the similarity in styles of the dwarf dream scenes in TWIN PEAKS *and the new Tennent's Pilsner advert (with the landlord's ceiling-walking dog), which were both filmed backwards?*

Best wishes,
MRS C.M. McDOWALL,

St Clement, Jersey.

Sir,

May I draw your attention to the marked similarity (sorry, rip-off) between the current advert for Singapore Airlines and the opening moments of the film TOP GUN*?*

Yours,
HUMPHREY PRITCHARD,

Crewe, Cheshire.

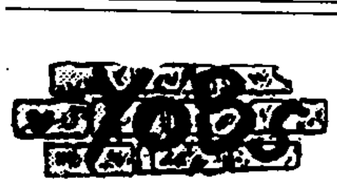
Sir,

As a hardened and cynical adman, I find your "Ad Nauseam" competition touchingly naive.

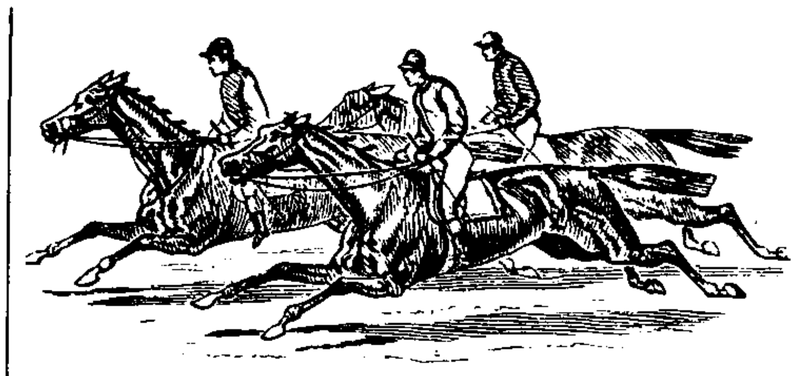
May I suggest that if you really want to tax the minds of your readers, you offer £10 to anyone who can spot a commercial that is **not** *borrowed in any way from a film, television series or pop video.*

Yours faithfully,
SUJ SUMMER,

London W6.



HUSBAND



Sporting Life

THE Jockey Club's claim that it is qualified to be entrusted with the financial custodianship of British racing has been dealt another blow by the embarrassing revelation that the Vestey meat empire, which includes the Dewhurst chain of butcher's shops, is threatened by debts of £450 million.

Most pertain to the affairs of Union International, the group's principal subsidiary which is itself the main subsidiary of the largest of the Vestey family's private trusts. Two of Union's four management shares are held by Edmund Vestey and two by his foxhunting brother — the Jockey Club member and leading steward, Lord Sam.

Sam, or "Spam" as he's known in Gloucestershire, is a red-faced, blocked-nosed snob who lives in disgusting opulence on his enormous Stowell Park estate near Northleach. He and his family's life of ease and plenty has largely been brought about due to the fact that they enjoy one of the biggest and most famous tax avoidance loopholes in British revenue history. It enables them to keep for themselves the profits of their noble trade as purveyors of tinned corned beef to the grateful workers.

On the back of this fortune the odious "Spam" has set himself up as jump racing's great social and sporting grandee. He's the current chairman of the Cheltenham Steeplechase Company, which gives him the chance to swank about in a black bowler at all the Cheltenham meetings and toady obsequiously to the Queen Mother throughout the National Hunt Festival.

He was the chairman of the despised Jockey Club disciplinary committee that tried to warn off Barney Curley in 1987 and he's long had his eyes on the senior stewardship of the club itself, to which end he made an unbelievably grovelling speech in the House of Lords debate on racing's finances in February in which he paid fulsome tribute to the club's members, to their management skills, the job they've done over the decades and their fitness to continue in that job undisturbed for decades to come etc.

Now that those non-family Vestey shareholders, who were never party to the same tax advantages, are asking how the family management team could have run up so much debt, the chances of Spam "emerging" as the next Portman Square supremo are felt to have receded sharply. What the Vestey business obviously needs is some hard-headed financial brain at the helm — like Desert Orchid's owner Richard Burridge, for example.

Wherever Dessie goes, the alternatively lugubrious and defensive Burridge in his manky brown coat is sure to follow. And so are the ringing cash tills of the "Desert Orchid fan club". Racegoers arriving at Wincanton for the grey's seasonal reappearance on 24 October were greeted by salespersons for the club hawking Dessie tea towels, t-shirts, mugs, keyrings, baseball caps etc.

Trainer David Elsworth seemed to be saying what he thought of it all by going to Newbury instead. The *Racing Post* has now got in on the act too and is offering readers a special Desert Orchid calendar complete with tasty prints of our hero and an absolute snip at £8.95. The horse has already won his connections over £645,000 on the track and even some of his most stalwart admirers are beginning to ask whether the rash of merchandising is still a reasonable reaction to public demand or just a lot of cynical commercial exploitation. Is the money raised going to be donated to an assortment of racing charities? Or is the "Desert Orchid fan club" just a pseudonym for Richard Burridge plc?

'Major Bonkers'

Letters

Ross on why

Sir,

Your article "Behind The Scenes" in issue 778 contains a number of inaccurate and misleading statements which cannot be allowed to pass without comment. Of particular concern is the suggestion that no one knows where money raised by Judy Steel for the purposes of running the Borders Festival has gone.

The first three festivals were organised by a voluntary, unincorporated organisation who accordingly were not obliged to lodge accounts at Companies House, but on each occasion accounts were produced and submitted to local authorities and the Scottish Arts Council in support of subsequent requests for assistance. They were also made available to the requisite tax authorities. In 1990 the Borders Festival became a limited company and will submit all required documentation at the appointed time, duly vouched and audited. It is also worth pointing out that Judy Steel receives no remuneration as artistic director, yet without her immense commitment, work and vision it is no exaggeration to say that there would be no Borders Festival.

There has never been any intention, neither would there be any chance, of turning the Borders Festival into a huge event to rival Edinburgh's, as you suggest. The Borders version concentrates on the area itself, is based largely on local artists and work, and is aimed at ensuring that everyone in the community can benefit by taking performances out to village halls and keeping ticket prices to a minimum. The constraints of size and funding put on any such event will inevitably lead to some disappointment on the part of writers and artists whose work cannot be included, but your suggestion that there are "many" such people is not supported by the facts. I suspect that I know who has prompted you to write the current article and it is sad that he feels the need to express his disappointment in such a petty and unconstructive way.

Yours faithfully,
IAIN ROSS,

Chairman, Borders Festival, Selkirk.

All's fare

Sir,

Over recent months, your organ has performed a valuable service drawing attention to the late delivery of new diesel trains by the privatised firm BREL. One particular line — the East Suffolk between Ipswich and Lowestoft — has suffered particularly badly from delays and cancellations, as ancient trains that should have been retired years ago are forced to shudder on because of non-delivery of new stock.

In common with other users of regional railway lines, East Suffolk passengers suffered another inflationary fare increase this autumn. We politely suggested to politicians and railway managers that natural justice dictated it was BR's suppliers who should be paying them compensation, not BR who should be squeezing more money out of their passengers (and telling them to "grin and bear it", as one manager said).

I have written to railway management at all levels; and their replies all studiously avoid answering the question: "Why will you not sue BREL for compensation?" Why the apparent constipation on the part of all these important people? I think we should be told.

Yours fumingly (and that's just the train),
TREVOR GARROD,

General Secretary, Railway Development Society.

Classy affair

Sir,

I thought that I had better clear up some errors in your piece about the Class War conference (Sparts and Spartpersons, 779).

1 *No anarchists would ever think of themselves as "the vanguard of the revolution", least of all Class War.*

2 *The "tired and emotional evening session" you refer to was in fact a gig organised at the venue and far from being "somewhat worse for wear" people were dancing and enjoying themselves a great deal.*

3 *Although I was cowering inside, I heard reports of approximately 30 fascists outside, who were scared off very quickly but were believed to be still lingering in the area.*

4 *Far from ending in chaos, at the end of the evening it was possible for myself, anarcho-wimp extraordinaire, to be escorted back to my car by four kind people. I find it hard to believe that their nervousness and extreme caution was caused by just four BNP members. Also, it was arranged at the end of the gig that everyone going home on the tube would walk together — hardly chaos.*

Anyway, keep up the good work but please verify your facts unless you want to be worthy of the same disrespect that you give the rest of the media.

Yours faithfully,
WIL,

Hindhead, Surrey.

PS: I don't care who Ron Todd is, his poem was bloody awful.

Lookalike

Hattersley

Victoria

Sir,

I wonder if any of your readers have noticed the remarkable resemblance between Queen Victoria and Roy Hattersley?

Both are said to lack a sense of humour, so I suppose they could be related in some way.

Yours faithfully,
W.R. HAVERCROFT,

Ilkley, W. Yorks.

Scene and heard

Sir,

In EYE *779 you referred to the "Woodstock-style jamboree in Manchester's Heaton Park". Having attended the event I can say that of over 20 bands, only half a dozen could be described as "baggy trousered". In fact the two top of the bill bands on Saturday, namely The Wonder Stuff and The Fall, are the furthest possible things away from said deceased scene, as any pop-kid knows.*

Incidentally, the weather on the Saturday mirrored my memories of the weekend, ie very cloudy. Certainly not "one of the hottest Saturdays of the year".

Small points both, but I think you'll be pleased to be corrected.

Yours,
ANDREW McCULLOCH.

Going down

Sir,

I occasionally read PRIVATE EYE *and I do strongly appreciate your humour and the valuable work you do debunking and exposing.*

I cannot say that about the item on page 14 of your issue on 25 October, about Professor Bob Taylor. I worked for many years at the School of Oriental and African Studies, and for some of that time he was a colleague. But I am not writing to defend him, nor General Ne Win. The real point is that I think you fail to grasp the task of a university teacher in any field involving the study of other cultures.

Governments change, sometimes they are bad and sometimes they are good (that is, in our perception, for what that is worth). You may find the area you are studying is governed by rogues. Do you then cease to have anything to do with the country, break off all contact with the people — they are what count — make public protests about the government, so that your students will not be given visas to visit? Stop buying books from the country for your library? And then when a "good" government comes, try to restore contacts and resume the study of that country?

I have seen an academic who could not stand communism refuse to have any direct contact with the country he was "studying" and teaching about. You can imagine the result. A teacher's private views should never block his students' contact with the country they are studying.

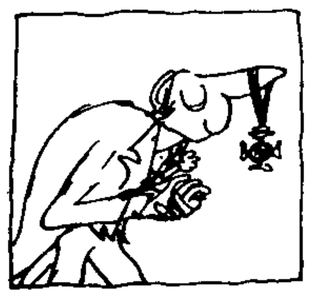
PRIVATE EYE *is an intelligent and very perceptive magazine, and I am sure that if you reflect for a moment you will see that university courses could not be run on a stop-go basis dictated by the colour of the government in power in the countries studied. Nor by the prejudices of the university teacher for the time being. You have to put up with distressing foreign governments just as you have to put up with distressing home governments.*

It looks in this case as if you are simply repeating the allegations of some disenchanted person who has not the courage to disclose his/her identity. You go down a little in my estimation.

Yours faithfully,
R. JONES,

Penryn, Cornwall.

O.B.N.



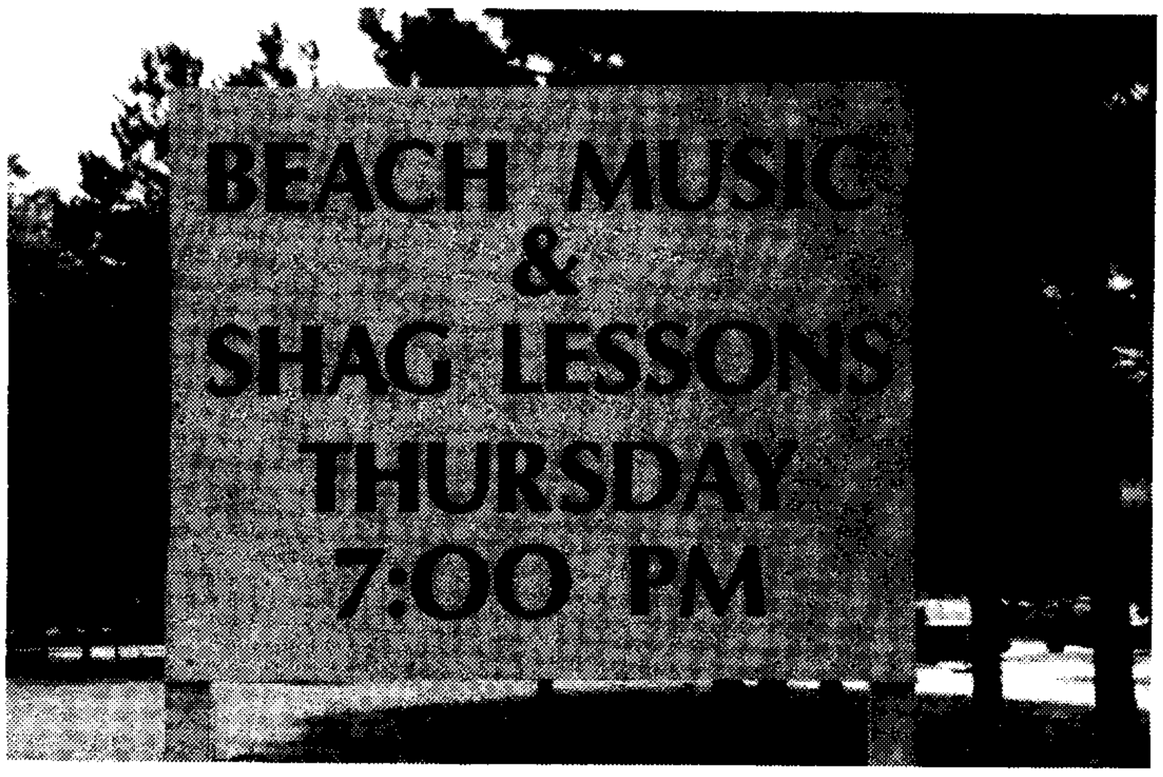
Murdoch's ruthlessness is legendary; less well known is his personal charm and his reputation among businessman as a man whose word is his bond. When Murdoch moved from unionised Fleet Street to Wapping, shedding 5500 print workers, he transformed the fortunes of the British national newspaper industry, opening the way to competitors at even lower costs than his own.

BRIAN MacARTHUR
Sunday Times: '1000 Makers of the 20th Century'

Submitted by A North.

£10 paid for all entries put forward for the Order of the Brown Nose.

I-SPY



Hilton Head Island, S. Carolina

Submitted by Roger Buckley. £10 paid for similar submissions. *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

Creep

Sir,

Why do you keep referring to Martin Amis in an otherwise excellent magazine? The mere mention of this so-called author's name makes my flesh creep!

If you stop this obscene practice I will take out subscriptions for the rest of my days and encourage any subsequent generations to do likewise.

Yours hopefully,
JOHN UTEMEH,

Bournemouth.

Outing

Sir,

I was forming an orderly queue at John Menzies' Nottingham station bookstall last Saturday morning when the chap in front of me asked for THE EUROPEAN.

"Sorry," said the salesperson, "we've sold out."

Perhaps all these piles of papers you keep showing photos of are not excess, but merely an attempt to keep up with demand.

And I bet you don't print this.

Yours in memory of NOW! *magazine,*
ANDREW HEENAN,

London N7.

Horse's arse

Sir,

Square Eyes' recent criticism of SEX NOW *(LWT) made reference to "the stooped old wrecks impersonating" the viewers who kept their bonking books. I, sir, was the actor concerned and am keen to point out that I am neither stooped nor old nor a wreck. Every part of me is finely tuned and in perfect working order.*

I am, of course, skilled in playing such characters, but, at the age of 53, am still asked to play juvenile leads. Just ask my agent... please.

Yours still available for panto,
MARTYN TOWNSEND,

Weston-Super-Mare.

Twaddle

Sir,

*Regarding Franchise Watch (*EYE *779): Granada, LWT and Central may have survived because they were not named Tranada, TWL and Tentral. All the companies that lost their franchises had names starting with "T". Are they by any chance related? I think we should be told.*

Yours sincerely,
J.L. JONES,

Eastbourne.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

Guest: *My company makes kitchen tiles.*
Andrew O'Connor: *And what type of kitchen tiles are they?*
Guest: *They are the type you would expect to find in your kitchen.*
BBC1
(Tim Hall)

"So you've finally nailed your mast to Neil Kinnock?"
Channel 4 interviewer (to Roy Hattersley)
(David Ward)

"As I've said before and I've said in the past..."
KENNY DALGLISH, ITV
(Michael Booth)

"For those of you who know the Selhurst Park ground, West Ham are playing from right to left."
COMMENTATOR, Radio 5
(Mike Katzsmark)

"I can't find the words to explain how mortified whoever was responsible for whatever happened must be."
MURRAY WALKER, BBC2
(David Percival)

HOM SAP

BY DAVID AUSTIN

BY PITTING OURSELVES AGAINST NATURE...
.. WE BECOME STRONG AND SELF RELIANT, FIT...
.. TO FATHER A NEW GENERATION OF HEROES.
MEANWHILE..
MY HUSBAND'S OUT CAMPING WITH SOME IDIOT.

Letter from

Japan

From Our Own Correspondent

OUR education ministry, as every Japanese schoolboy doesn't know, is responsible for vetting school textbooks in order to decide just what growing generations can safely be told is the official version of our history.

Recently, for example, the ministry had to decide whether it was safe to tell schoolchildren that the Recruit Scandal was partly the result of "cosy corruption" among politicians and business leaders (it wasn't — the term "cosy corruption", which appeared in one textbook submitted for scrutiny, had to be amended to a statement that wrongdoing had "not yet been decided").

So the public might be forgiven a certain amount of collective amnesia while pondering the choice of our new prime minister, Kiichi Miyazawa.

Miyazawa resigned as deputy prime minister and finance minister three years ago after an absurd attempt to lie about his involvement in the Recruit Scandal.

Other politicians, who lied more successfully, escaped with their reputations mostly intact. But Miyazawa bungled things from the start by pretending he had nothing to do with the purchase of Recruit Cosmos shares, which lay at the heart of the Recruit Scandal. Later he admitted the shares had been purchased in his name, but that his secretary had done it without his knowledge.

Then he denied that the shares had been purchased using money borrowed from another branch of the Recruit company, First Finance, but refused to produce the evidence to prove it. Finally, he admitted that the money had indeed come from First Finance.

Miyazawa's excuses for the 22.7 million yen (£100,000) he made from shares in Recruit Cosmos were so transparent that in the end even his own party had to abandon him.

Miyazawa's comeback is due less to his amazing popularity — most Japanese would as soon vote for him as Americans would have voted for Nixon after Watergate — than to the fact that prime ministers here are chosen through a cosy system of elitist politics rather than the popular vote. Elderly politicians in the Liberal Democratic Party needed the outgoing prime minister, Toshiki Kaifu, as long as he was useful in restoring the party's image. Now that a respectable amount of time has elapsed, the old, corrupt politicians can be wheeled back on to centre stage.

Thus it was that Miyazawa joined the "get Kaifu" campaign by calling into question Kaifu's abilities of decision-making and leadership.

Despite official efforts to erase memories of the Recruit Scandal, we have not forgotten that it was Miyazawa's appalling lack of leadership qualities that led to his resignation in the first place.

Neither are we blind to the fact that Miyazawa has turned around 180 degrees on the issue of electoral reform, merely to appease party elders. He is also ready to acquiesce to the Takeshita faction's demand for key cabinet posts for its members, in order to retain power. Some leader. Some decision-maker.

We Japanese like Kaifu because he is honest and completely untainted by scandal. The education ministry may try to erase it from school textbooks — but most of us are well aware that the same cannot be said of Miyazawa.

TRUE STORIES

CHRISTOPHER LOGUE

AN ANONYMOUS Fordinbridge spokesman has confirmed that Mr Robin Cook, the Shadow Health Secretary, was nipped by Chesty, a local rottweiler that he tried to pat.

"This was unfortunate, coming as it did soon after he had his eye blacked in a game of rounders," the spokesman concluded.

DURING his interview, Mr Chemist Mafuba, the chief short story writer on the Zimbabwe Sunday Mail, said: "Thieves entered my house. They thought they had prised off nothing but my portable typewriter, but how were they to know that there was a gold-mine of unpublished articles and exciting short stories tucked into the plastic jacket? They also took my grandfather clock — a retirement present after 30 years' service with the Harare Herald. I shall miss its broad smiling face that was held in place by a pair of (imitation) elephant tusks. But, worse of all, to facilitate their getaway, they stole my dog, Smuggler, who is 15 and may not survive the long journey."

ADDRESSING Judge Houghton in the Dublin District Court, Mrs Marie Bothwell said: "My clients, Molloy and Joyce, are both fishermen. They admit that they decided to drive the minibus they found outside the Zenith nightclub across Ireland to their home in Cork. But they had great difficulty in getting it going, and they entirely failed to notice that the bus was completely full with the 16 people who had hired it to drive them home, and who were having a sing-song while Molloy and Joyce tried to prise open the bonnet.

"After some time, three of the passengers got out, asked Molloy and Joyce what they were doing, and, getting only silence as their answer, raised the alarm. Both men had been at sea for three months."

QUESTIONED by the Chertsey magistrates, Mr Andrew Chandler, unemployed, of Addlestone, said: "I am one of those young people that the police just don't like. In the last four weeks I have been stopped and strip-searched ten times. When I saw them approaching me yet again, I simply dropped my trousers and told them to get on with it — whereupon they charged me with indecent exposure."

Case dismissed.

ILLUMINATED BY BERT KITCHEN

"WE decided to visit the International Animal Show," said Mrs Roelien Botha, a Pretorian housewife, "and my husband Johan took a fancy to one of the camels there and began to feed it with straw. Then the camel grabbed his arm, pulled him into the enclosure, and began to march him round and round.

"I ran for help. But the only person I could find was a ticket collector who thought that I had gone mad and punched me on the nose."

MR FRANK Whatmuff, a used whitegoods dealer from Taunton East, said: "The Council have located one of their Talking Litterbins outside my shop. All day long you hear: 'On-be-half-of-Taun-ton-coun-cil-thank-you-for-keep-ing-the-town-ti-dy!' in a horrible Dalek-style voice and not a nice West Country burr. It is very irritating while I am talking to my customers."

IN HER evidence, Miss Angela Pupe told the government enquiry that when her senior, Mr John Johnson, head of the New South Wales Compensation Commission, was deciding how much this or that victim should get, "he would rub sea-salt crystals across his forehead. 'This victim,' he would say, 'has a rainbow aura, tending to forest green — $A2,000.' "

Miss Pupe went on to say that she was unlikely to get promotion "without a very high level of what Mr Johnson called spiritual development. He said I should study the case in question and, if the victim was a woman, pass a male crystal across my brow; if a man, a female crystal. Only then would I be able to come to an appropriate management decision."

FOUND lying naked on a sofa and in what the police described as "a state of sexual arousal", Mr Michael Fitzpatrick, of Louth, said he had no idea he was in a brothel.

"I was brought here by friends in order to receive treatment for a football injury," he said.

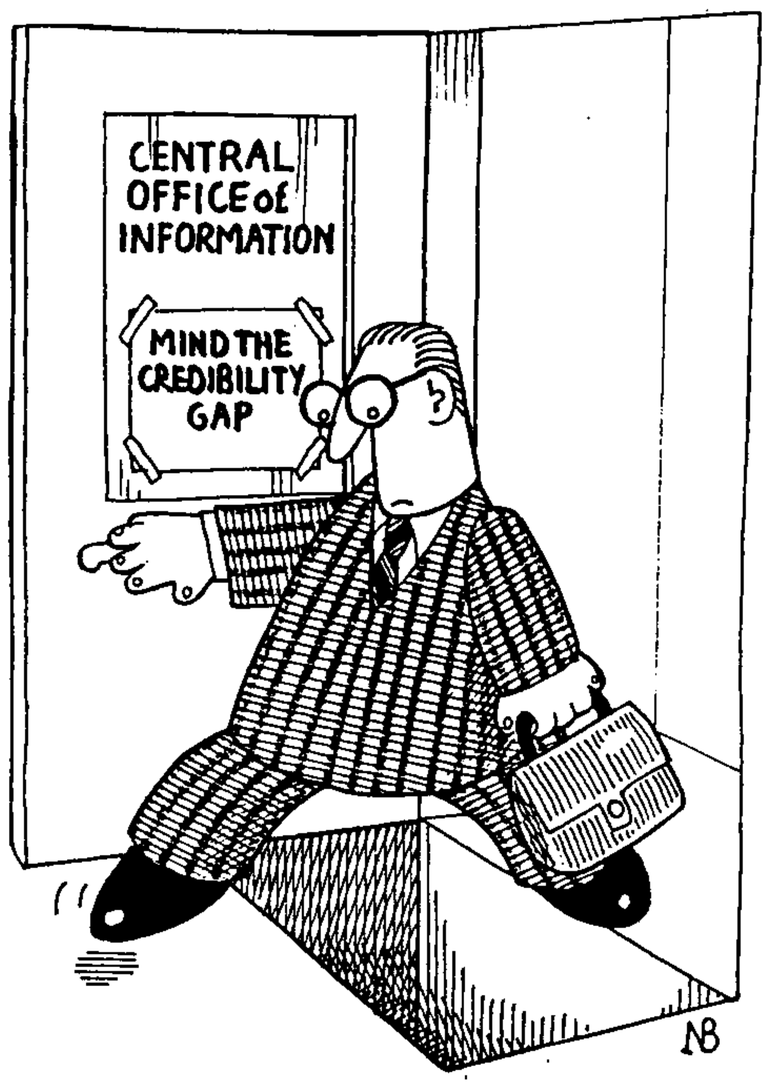
INFORMATION: Bournemouth Evening Echo, 31.7.91; Harare Mail, 4.8.91; Irish Times, 16.8.91; Surrey Herald, 29.8.91; Johannesburg Star, 28.8.91; Western News, 15.8.91; Melbourne Age, 28.7.91; Irish Times, 28.7.91.

MONITORS: Diana Hogan, Irene Slareton, Richard Morgan, Ben Rood, Stephen Banhegy, Sophie Irvin, Neil Smith, Anne M. Chadwick.

TOP TEN BORES

This Week		Last Week	Weeks on List
1	Clive James	1	1,787
2	Clive James	2	1,787
3	Clive James	3	1,787
4	Clive James	4	1,787
5	Clive James	5	1,787
6	Clive James	6	1,787
7	Clive James	7	1,787
8	Clive James	8	1,787
9	Clive James	9	1,787
10	Clive James	10	1,787

This week's Bore compiled by the *Observer* newspaper and Jonathan Cape



The Secret Diary of John Major aged 47¾

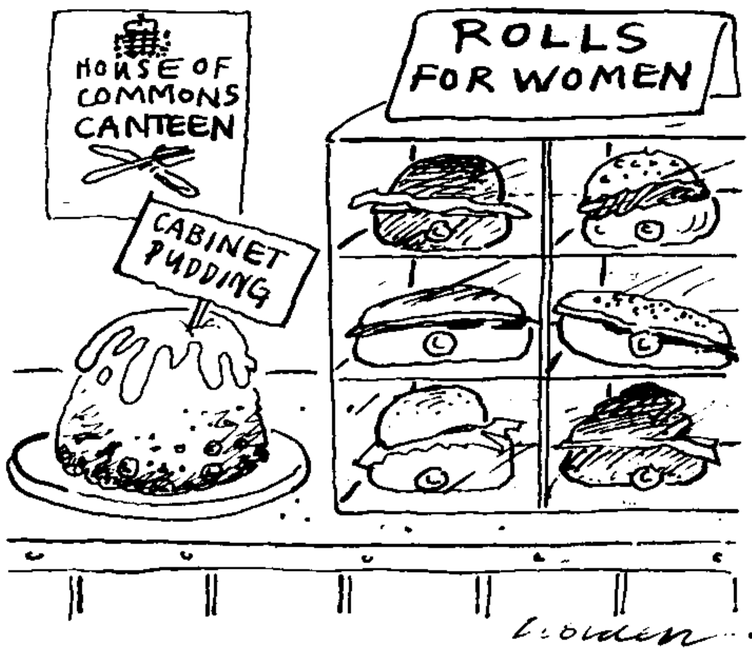
Sunday

I have been in no small measure impressed by Mr Heseltine of late. His speech to the Conference got a terrific round of applause and he is obviously very popular with the ordinary party members, nearly as popular in fact as my friend Jeffrey. I said as much to my friend Chris and suggested that Mr Heseltine should be given a more important job. "Like leader?" he said. I explained to Chris that such rivalries were all in the past and Mr Heseltine was now a loyal member of my team, just as I was a loyal member of Mrs Thatcher's. Chris gave me one of his funny looks.

Monday

My wife Norman clearly got out of bed the wrong side this morning. Nothing I did seemed to be right for her. "Why are you still wearing that old grey suit?" she said. "There are plenty of other grey suits upstairs for you to choose from. You men are all the same. Unless a woman tells you what to do you cannot make up your mind."

"That is not true," I replied as I went upstairs to change my suit, but she insisted on continuing the argument, which in my judgement was getting us nowhere. "Why don't you have a charter for women? You have one for everyone else. And besides," she said, handing me my CBI tie and matching handkerchief, "we women have been pushed around for long enough."



Tuesday

This morning I told the Cabinet of my new idea, i.e. that there should be more opportunities for women. My friend Chris asked: "Does this mean women in the very top jobs, John?" "Oh yes," I replied, at which point they all started laughing. I said it was time to put an end to old-fashioned chauvinist attitudes. Norma Lamont agreed and said we should have some women in the Cabinet. There were many outstanding women he said who needed a leg-up. Mr Mellor sniggered. Norma went on to name Virginia Bottomley as someone who he had always admired for her political skills. When I suggested that Mrs Angela Rumbold was another good candidate he seemed less enthusiastic. Still it is a start. Someone called Pamella Bordes was also mentioned though I stated that I was unaware of her current position. They all began sniggering again, which made me not inconsiderably annoyed. Sometimes my colleagues do not seem to realise how important these Charters are.

Wednesday

Norman was in a better mood today and gave me an extra helping of Coco Pops which are in my judgement the best breakfast currently available. "Well," she said, "what charter have you got for us all today?" It was good to see her taking an interest in my work and I was glad to give her the details of my Health Charter which Mr Waldegrave thought up last week in an attempt to get into my good books after his haircut.

If I was due to have an operation, I explained, I would not want to be kept waiting indefinitely without knowing how long the wait would be. Under the provisions of the new charter, I would be entitled to ring up the hospital and demand to be told the exact duration of the wait, e.g. ten years. This would be a great comfort to any NHS patient.

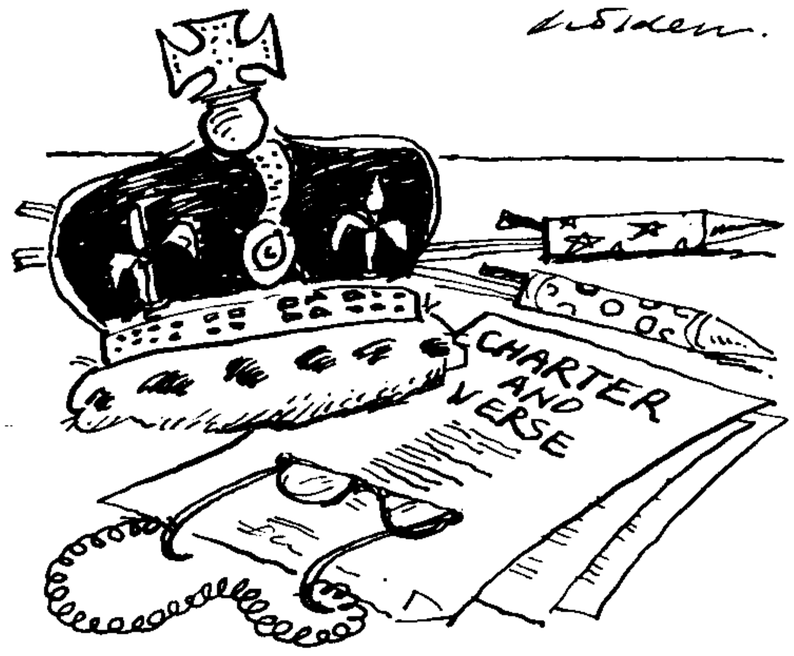
"Don't be silly," said Norman, "we're on BUPA. We have been ever since the Chartered Bank started up the payments."

Undoubtedly there is much to be said for women going out to work.

Thursday

It is an exciting day for me as it is the opening of Parliament by Her Majesty the Queen. She is walking proof, I said to Norman, that women *can* get to the top of their chosen fields. The Queen is a remarkable woman. In her speech, she came up with all the same ideas as me, including a lot of new Charters.

I also made a speech at some considerable length to whomsoever was present in the Chamber. I noticed at one point that one of our Members had fallen asleep, presumably through exhaustion. It is all very well for Junior Doctors to complain about long hours, but what about Senior Backbenchers? Perhaps we should have a Charter for them too.



Friday

Some people are trying to claim that we are divided on the question of Europe. This is quite untrue. For example when Mr Tebbit said that we were trying to sell Britain down the river, the whole Cabinet agreed that he might have a point but it would be wrong to say so publicly.

Mr Hurd tells me that we have to a place called Maastricht quite soon and sign a new European agreement. When I asked him what the agreement was he said it was a promise by Britain that, unlike everyone else, we would move slowly forward very slowly indeed and that in the end it was a matter for our children.

"Why should they be involved?" I queried. "They are not even old enough to vote." Mr Hurd looked considerably irritated. These Oxford people do not like to be contradicted, especially when they have made an obviously silly point.

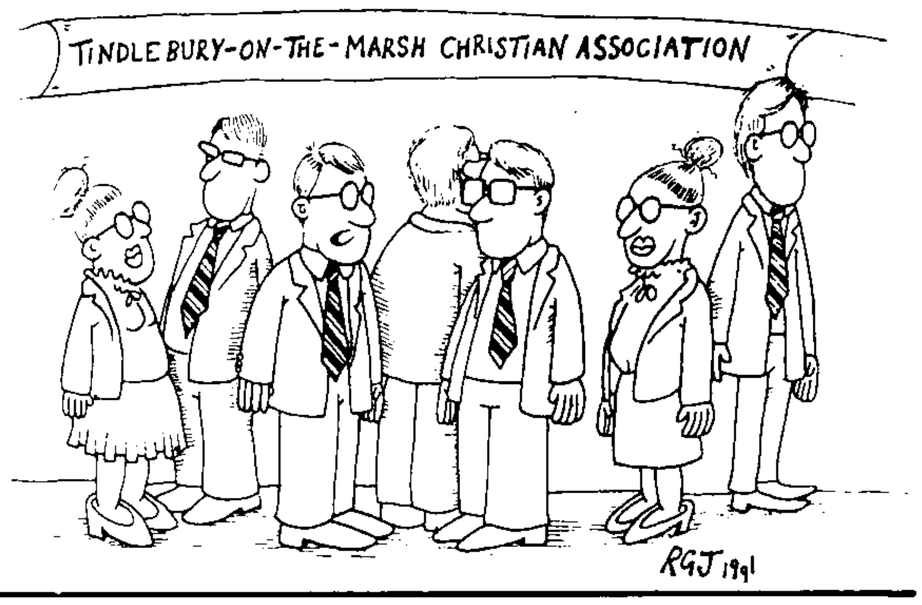
Saturday

Even though it is Saturday, Mr O'Donnell says I have to work today. I have to go to Twickenham and watch the Rugby Cup Final. It is a far cry from cricket, with many more men and a much larger ball, which in my judgement is squashed. The rules are very complicated, unnecessarily so, I feel, and they will come under consideration in a future Sporting Charter.

During the match Mr O'Donnell explained that the England team had been criticised as being boring. I told him that this was no bad thing in public life and that they would probably win, by a small margin. Oh yes.

By the way, another thing struck me at the game, namely that there were no women in the England team at all. I mentioned this to Her Majesty the Queen, who nodded and closed her eyes in agreement.

"Which one of us is charismatic?"



That Madrid Peace Conference Menu in full

Olive Branches or Grapefruit Settlements

—❋—

Arafatted Calf with Jerusalem Artichokes and Pommes de Terrorist
or
Strips of Gaza in Tifada

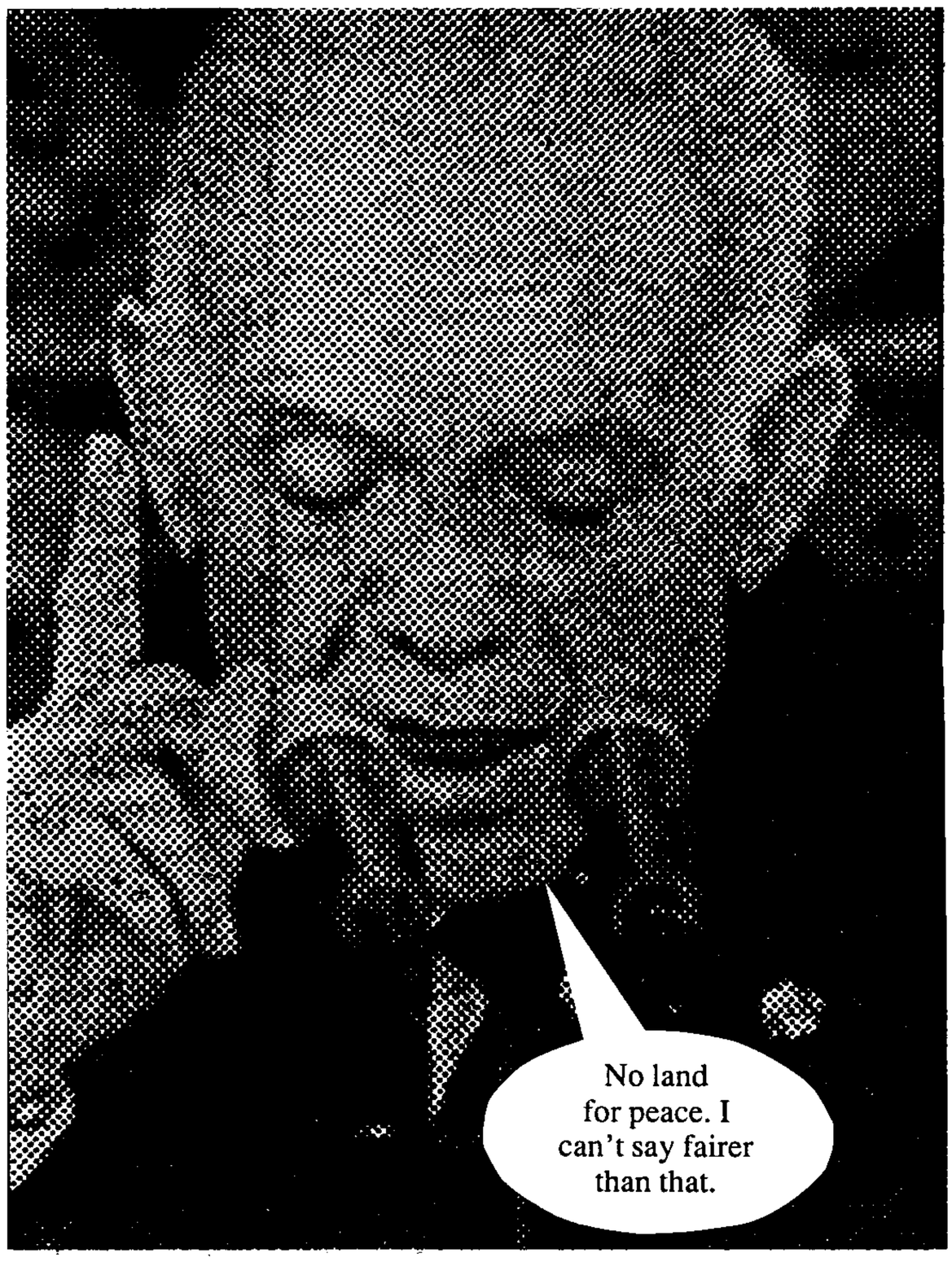
—❋—

Off The Trolley:
Summit Pudding
or
Waffles

—❋—

Fresh Dates (if available)

MADRID



SPY vs LIE
WRIT
WRIT
At Lie H.Q. . . .
Spy, you've been supplying dodgy material to unsavoury individuals.
Yes, Sir. That's my job as Foreign Editor of the Daily Mirror.
NICK SPY
PRESS
BOMB
Admit it! You've been living a double life as a spy and journalist .
Lies! I've never been a journalist. I've been on the Daily Mirror.
Have you been working undercover?
No, on the cover!
PRESS
SUN
LIAR!
Spy, this arms dealing story is dynamite.
SUN
LIAR!
PRESS
Fine. I'll flog it to Iran. I'll make a bomb and sell that too.
This is serious, Spy. Have you ever been to Ohio?
PRESS
Look, I'm Foreign Editor of the Daily Mirror. I don't know where Ohio is.
You're fired you liar. You're a disgrace. You would sell anything to anyone. . .
So?
. . . so from now on you're Sales Director of the European!
EUROP
BEAN

Starting this week
The sensational new spy
thriller from the master of suspense...

THE PERGAMON MEMORANDUM

BY ROBERT BUNKUM

THE old lady wheeled her trolley from the Cleveland Shopping Mall to her car parked on the corner of State Highway 309 and Lexington Avenue. It was exactly 3.02 am. She did not notice the slim Englishman in an open-necked shirt standing by his peacock-blue 1979 Oldsmobile. Later she found it hard to believe she had missed him, but she was to remember the copy of *The European* on his driving seat for the rest of her life.

IN ISRAEL it was midnight in the Hotel David. The Fat Man was sweating, and poured himself a large glass of vodka. In Room 197 the phone rang, breaking the silence of the still Jerusalem night. Outside a police car sped away, its siren whining menacingly. The Fat Man picked up the receiver. "Give me Haines!" he barked. Why was it so hot?

IN LONDON the heavy rain beat a steady tattoo on the roof of the taxi. Haines was not comforted by the purring diesel as it inched forward along Pall Mall towards the Mirror building. He looked at his watch. It was exactly 11.28. Where was the fat man now? he wondered. They needed to talk. The Vanunu File was becoming priority. "That Robert Maxwell, eh?" said the cabbie, glancing towards the towering Mirror House which now loomed up in the November mist. "You know what I'd do to him if I had the chance? We know *his* sort. String 'im up!"

IN THE airport lounge at Harare, beneath the whirling fans, the two men in sunglasses and Italian silk suits exchanged a polite greeting. Major Haddad remembered the man he knew only as "Gromeck" from his days as Head of Security for OPREN at the nuclear base in the Negev.

"It's a lovely day, isn't it? Would you like to read my newspaper?"

"No thank you. I already have a copy of *The European*."

The coded formalities over, the two men moved to the airport bar, not noticing the American woman with the trolley who observed them from behind a pillar. She would never forget the startled look on the taller man's face as he gazed at the headline: HURD CAUTIOUS ON EMU PROPOSALS.

IT WAS 110° in the shade in the Avenue Khillrushdie in downtown Teheran. The bearded figure of the Deputy Assistant Speaker of the Qom Council shuffled through the baking dusty streets towards the fourteenth-century Mosque of Abdullah. It was exactly 437AD. *(Shurely '4.37 pm'? Ed.)* Inside the mosque it was delightfully cool and the Mullah crouched on the floor next to the slim Englishman who was drinking coffee from an engraved hubbub.

"Allah be praised," he whispered.

"How many does Allah want?" replied the Englishman. "The HB40s are on their way."

"What about the Fat Man?" hissed the prostrate priest, his eyes narrowing like a hawk as he scanned the westerner's face for some sign of weakness.

"I'll take care of him."

IN GRAY'S Inn the longcase clock ticked ominously. Outside the dappled plane trees shed their leaves and a huge pantechnicon marked P. CARTER FUCK — WRITS IS OUR BIZ began to negotiate the eighteenth-century gatehouse on its way to deliver its latest cargo.

The silver-haired solicitor munched on a Rich Tea biscuit and looked out of the window with pride. 437 writs in a day, and it was still only 4.37. You could say what you like about the Fat Man, he knew how to sue. Idly he watched as an elderly American woman wheeled a trolley down the cobbled lane. Odd, he thought. There were no supermarkets in The Temple.

(To be continued)

POETRY CORNER

In Memoriam
Bill Galbraith,
Cheltenham Tory

So. Farewell
Then
Bill Galbraith.

Cheltenham Tory
At the centre
Of the controversy
Over the
Selection of a
New candidate.

"Bloody nigger"

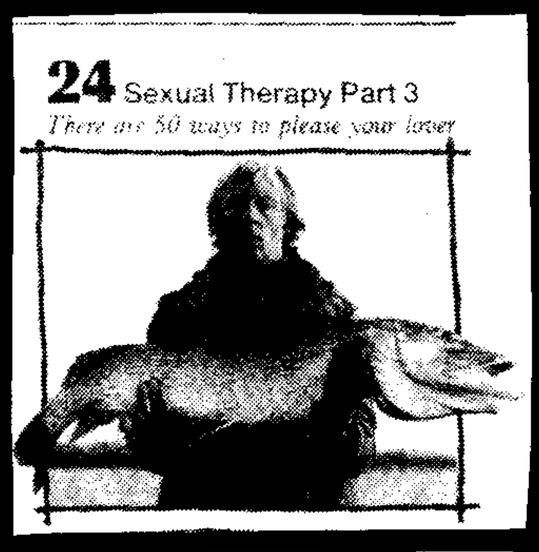
That was your catchphrase.

It never really
Caught on.

E.J. Thribb (17½)

12.00—NIGHT COURT
12.30—PAGES FROM SKYTEXT
Comedy series.

Dublin Evening Herald



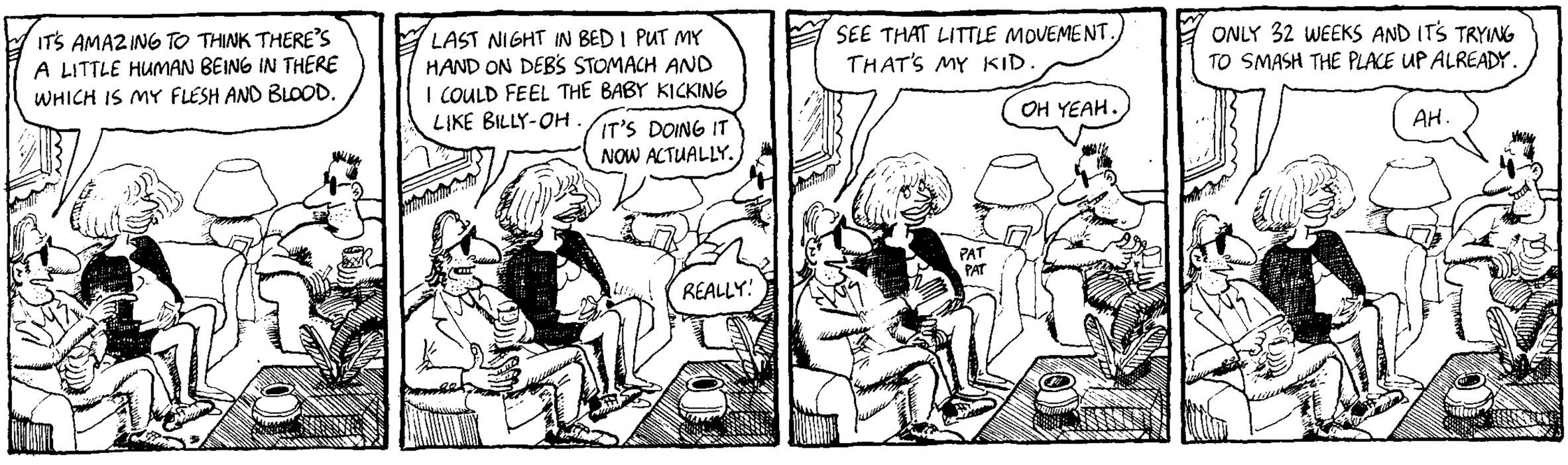
News of the World Magazine

Great Bores Of Today.

"...there are over a thousand different varieties and we've just got this book telling you about them you know most of them are indigenous and last Sunday we were down at Sue's parents in the country and we found these orange ones in the woods which the French are particularly keen on they make fantastic soup apparently and we reckon that they would be terrific in a roulade we looked them up in the book and couldn't see any white spots on what's known as the cap which would have made them toxic in November anyway we thought it would be safer to throw them away but if they *had* been the edible variety they would have had a sort of nutty flavour a bit like a melon you have to slice them in half with a special knife and then let them breathe you can dry them in the oven and keep them but the Italians like to eat them *giovanni* because otherwise they lose their texture but the ones we like are the wild sort that Sainsbury's sell in a box Sue does them in walnut oil with chives..."

Celeb

LIGGER


IT'S AMAZING TO THINK THERE'S A LITTLE HUMAN BEING IN THERE WHICH IS MY FLESH AND BLOOD.
LAST NIGHT IN BED I PUT MY HAND ON DEB'S STOMACH AND I COULD FEEL THE BABY KICKING LIKE BILLY-OH.
IT'S DOING IT NOW ACTUALLY.
REALLY!
SEE THAT LITTLE MOVEMENT. THAT'S MY KID.
OH YEAH.
PAT PAT
ONLY 32 WEEKS AND IT'S TRYING TO SMASH THE PLACE UP ALREADY.
AH.

***CELEB* — the book — now on sale. See page 32.**

FURIOUS MAXWELL DENIES ALLEGATIONS

by **Robert Max Wall**

AN ANGRY Robert Maxwell hit out today at allegations in a new book that he is a fully paid-up newspaper proprietor.

The book, *The Anthony Samson Option* by Pulitzer Prizewinner Seymour Pipesucker, alleges that Robert Maxwell has had top-level contacts with the editor of the *Daily Mirror* for years and, behind the front of an innocent arms dealer and Mossad agent, he was actually running a newspaper codenamed the *Daily Mirror*.

Holborn Circus

But this is not all. Pipesucker has further damaging allegations concerning secret deals involving the transportation of "bulky consignments" throughout the world. Pipesucker claims.

● In June 1989 Maxwell was seen in the Gaza Strip supervising the digging of a vast hole into which these containers were being lowered.

● In August 1989 Maxwell was photographed near Chernobyl unloading similar containers into the melt-down. Blown-up photographs reveal the letters EUROP **just distinguishable on the outside of the ten-ton compressed chambers.**

● In January 1991 Maxwell sent a fax to the head of NASA at Cape Canaveral. This read: "Please load 8,000 tonnes of Euknow-what for dispersal in outer space."

Later the rocket was launched in conditions of great secrecy.

Last night Robert Maxwell issued writs to the following people:

● Mr Seymour Pipesucker.
● Mrs Pipesucker.
● Master Seymour Pipesucker Jnr.
● Miss Mary-Lou Pipesucker.
● Publishers Fabber & Fabber.
● The *New York Times*.
● The *New Dworkin Bea*.
● BBC Merseyside's *Who's On Merseyside Tonight?*
● And several hundred people picked at random from the phonebook.

"Now ***everyone*** *will vote Labour!"*

Yes! It's the brilliant new Gold Blend advertisement

(shurely 'British Telecom'? Ed)

(Elderly Jewish woman sitting reading newspaper with headline BT CHAIRMAN AWARDS HIMSELF MASSIVE PAY INCREASE. *Phone rings and Beattie picks up receiver)*

BEATTIE *(to husband):* Will we accept a reverse-charge call from Sir Ian Vallance?

HUSBAND: Make a change from Melvyn.

BEATTIE: Yes, all right. *(Rearranging hair)* Hello, Sir Ian. I was just reading about you. How come you've given yourself a pay rise of £50,000? It's more than my brother Morrie earns in a year driving his cab.

(Cut to very rich-looking man at desk counting money surrounded by piles of banknotes)

SIR IAN VALLANCE *(for it is he):* That's why I rang you. You're fired. All of you — you, your idiot son, your stupid husband.

BEATTIE *(to husband):* He says we're fired.

HUSBAND: Ask him why.

BEATTIE: Why?

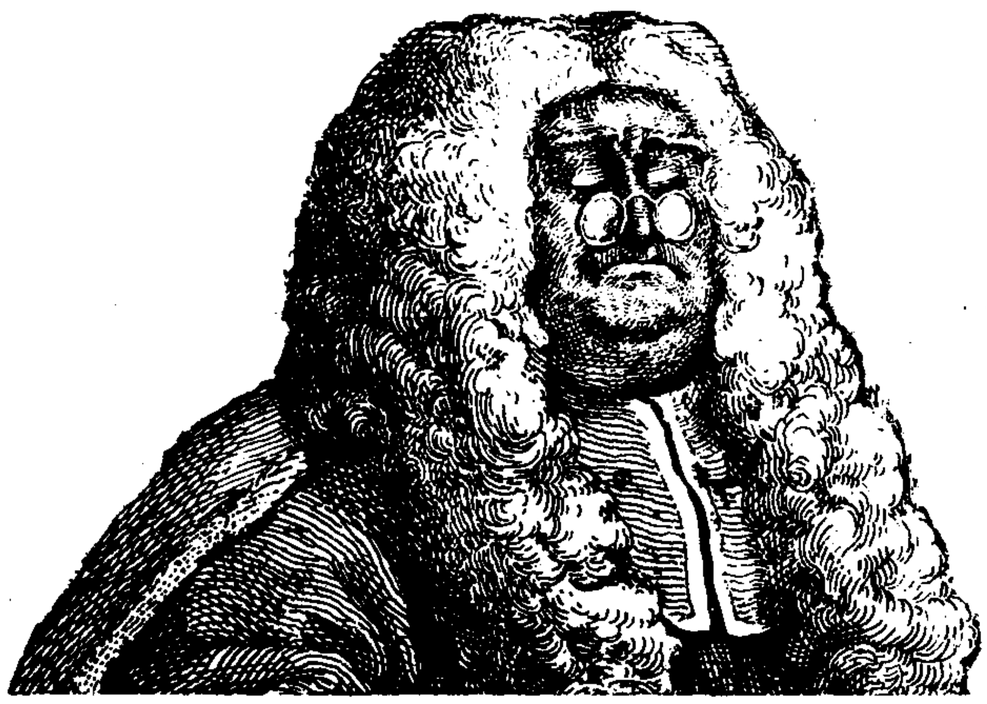
SIR IAN VALLANCE: It's what they call a "tranche", Beattie. A huge "tranche" of money for me. I put up prices and sack employees. Simple, eh?

(Cut back to Beattie in bed with man from coffee ad)

BEATTIE: Fancy another one before we put the light out?

VOICE OF SIR IAN OVER: Gold. It's wonderful stuff. And I've got lots of it.

(Cut to Telecom symbol showering money from its trumpet into Sir Ian's outstretched hands)



IN THE COURTS

Day 94: *The Sun* vs *Coronation Street*. Before Mr Justice Cocklecarrot

The case continued today in which Mr Kelvin "Ken" Mackenzie is suing a well-known television programme following the description of his newspaper on the said programme as "boring".

SIR EARL GREY-TEABAG-MONTEFIORE QC *(for the plaintiff)*: M'lud, my client Mr Kelvin Mackenzie, who plays the character of the Editor of the *Sun*, is a distinguished yobbo who has over the years performed a vital part in the success of the nation's longest-running daily farce. I am sure members of the jury will need no reminding of such classic episodes as ELTON IS A POOF, where, you recall, Mr Mackenzie paid a million pounds in damages to the colourful performer Mr Elton John.

MR JUSTICE WATER-CLOSET: Who is Elton John?

SIR HARTLEY REDFACE *(for "The Rovers Return")*: May it please Your Lord, Mr Elton is an popular comedian responsible for the humorous comedy series "The Blackadder".

MR JUSTICE WATER-WORKS: What is "The Blackadder"?

MR KELVIN MACKENZIE: Get on with it, you old git.

MR JUSTICE HOUSE-PARTY: You are not in your newspaper now, Mr McFilth. Any more of these outbursts and you will have to be arraigned.

MR KELVIN MACKENZIE: What's "arraigned"?

(The court adjourned for several hours whilst learned counsels considered a plea on behalf of the plaintiff for stupidatem magnatem. Following the adjournment, Mr McFilth took the stand)

SIR HARTLEY REDFACE: Would you describe in your own words of one syllable your shock and outrage at the suggestion that you were boring?

McMORON: Bastards! I say string 'em up! Bring back Maggie! Bastards!

MR JUSTICE WATER-STONE: I believe you have said that already, Mr McMoron.

SIR HARTLEY REDFACE: M'lud, I wish to call Mr Rupert Murdoch, who, as I am sure members of the jury are fully aware, plays the role of the Dirty Digger.

MR RUPERT MURDOCH: G'day.

SIR HARTLEY REDFACE: Mr Digger, would you describe the *Sun* newspaper as a "boring" newspaper, as my learned friend has so deemed it such?

MURDOCH: No dinkum, Blue. There's more fun in the *Sun*. It supports Our Boys. Page Three Lovelies don't come lovelier.

(Continues in this vein for several hours)

SIR HARTLEY REDFACE: And what is your view of Mr McIdiot?

MR DIGGER: Kelvin is a great bloke and a great editor. OK, so he makes it all up. Who doesn't? At least it's not boring.

MR REDFACE: So how did you feel when you read that you had just lost a million pounds because Mr McIdiot had got it all wrong about Ben Elton?

MR MURDOCH: The *Sun* says who are these men in wigs to tell us how to run a newspaper? They earn millions a day in fees for doing nothing. Bastards! Hanging's too good for them.

(The case continues)

'Colleagues hated him'

Giving evidence for the defendant, Mr Kevin Barlow claimed that many of the *Sun* staff regarded Mr MacSlime as "useless, dull and unpleasant". Sir Hartley Redface began his cross-examination.

SIR HARTLEY: Would you care to name these members of staff?

BARLOW: I cannot give their names. They are all scared to come out into the open. They think MacSlime will kill them.

SIR HARTLEY: What rubbish! Have you any evidence at all to substantiate this vile allegation that my client is universally loathed?

BARLOW: Yes, he is the editor of the *Sun*. *(Laughter)*

HUNT UNDER CRITICISM

by Our Countryside Staff **Jeremy Beagle, James Hunt, Samantha Fox** and **Mark Tully-Ho**

ONE OF the most famous and prestigious hunts, The Porn, is under fire from the League Against Cruel Sports following a series of incidents earlier this year.

The Porn, which numbers such distinguished figures as Lord Rothermere, Lord Stevens and Captain Maxwell MC, has traditionally hunted members of the Royal Family, using packs of newshounds. This has long been regarded in England as a time-honoured sport and part of the rich pageant that is English life.

Gone to Front Cover

However, a number of recent incidents, some of them captured on video, have brought the hunt into disrepute. In one disgusting incident, a group of hounds pursued their quarry, Princess Diana, to a remote Mediterranean beach where they proceeded to take photos of her in a bikini.

On another occasion, they captured Prince Andrew totally naked and defenceless and snapped at him mercilessly.

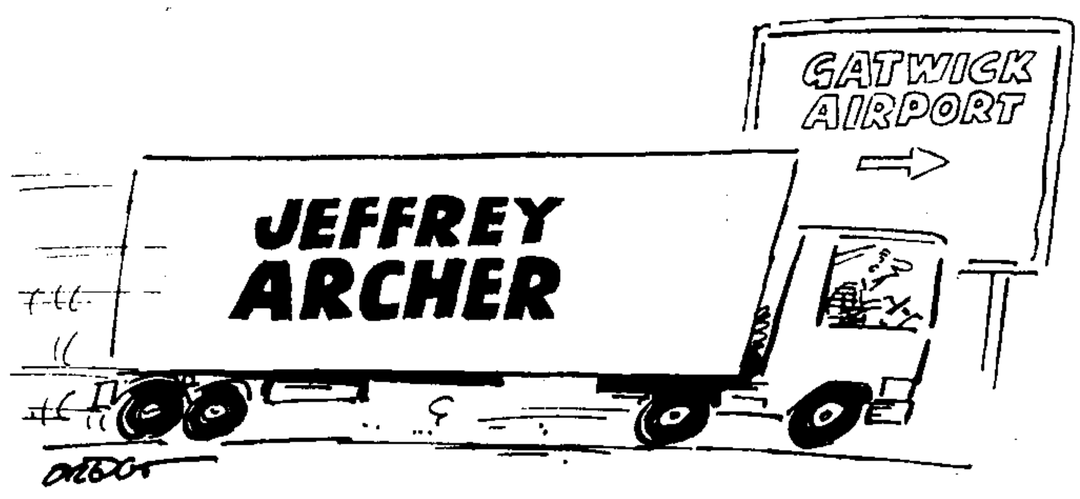
Worst of all was the helpless figure of Prince Harry tossed to the newshounds as he relieved himself behind a bush.

The huge outcry against such cruelty has provoked a demand for a new code of hunting to prevent this sort of thing happening again.

Said one senior Huntsman: "I am deeply distressed that these stories appeared in someone else's paper. Let's see those pics again."

STOP PRESS

No one to resign over Porn shocker.



GNOME CHRISTMAS GIFT OFFER

IN ASSOCIATION WITH HARPERS QUEEN AND COUNTRY LIVING

Modelled by Charles, Diana, William and Henry from the Windsor Agency

❶ Double-breasted Tufted Gabardine suit from Fry & Laurie, Gentlemen's Outfitters of Jermyn Street.
£799.99

❷ Designer Jodhpurs from Pilbury's of Burford.
£1,233,37

❸ Leather all-weather calf-length riding boots from Ann Summers Love Shop, Soho *(shurely 'Melton & Mowbray, Cirencester'? Ed).*
£799.99

❹ The Al-Fayed Christmas Hamper from Harrods. Contents include: Saunders' finest Wild Boar Paté, Ronson's Gentleman's Relish, Polly Peck's Own-Brand Crystallised Grapefruit Segments, and Mature Old Mother O'Riley's IRA Escape Cake (includes file, gun, ladder etc).
£100,000

❺ The Viscount Linley Collection of Neo-Victorian Garden Furniture. Cast in reinforced plastic from original 19th-century mould. Table and 3-seater chair.
£10 ono.

❻ The Sportsman Range of portable drinking flasks. Stainless steel, covered with authentic-looking leatherette-style leather. ½-litre flask plus four tumblers and pocket flask, "The Jeff Bernard", from Scrutons of Cambridge.
£4,682

❼ New Forest Pony. "Mossad Boy". 2-year-old gelding from accredited Bloodstock Agent Major Asil Nadir
.£25

❽ Travelling Picnic Rug in genuine McSessions Tartan. From "The Plaid Hoose", Knightsbridge.
£1,700

❾ Tree. Genuine Country Oak Tree from landscape designers "The Tree People" of Winchester. 2ft sapling.
£1 million

❿ Er... that's it.

All these very wonderful gifts are available exclusively to *Private Eye* readers at the above discounted pre-season prices. Write at once to Gnome Christmas Gift Offer, to avoid disappointment.
PO Box 94, Isle of Man.

BARCLAYCARD VISA

GLENDA SLAGG

Fleet Street's Sexual Harasser!

■ **RUMPOLE — Aren'tcha-sick-of-him? With his fat belly and moth-eaten old wig, this old bore is a real turn-off!?! Tell ya what, my old darling, take a tip from She Who Must Be Obeyed (Little Glenda, stoopid!) and treat yourself to a long adjournment!?! (Geddit??!)**

□ RUMPOLE — Don'tchalove-him? With his cheery smile and quotes from Wordsworth, this browbeaten barrister gets my vote as the sexiest silk on the circuit!?! Mmmmm! Come over to my place, Horace, and show us your briefs!?!?? (Geddit?!?)

■ *JOHN OSBORNE — OK, so he was Britain's original Angry Young Man!?! Now he's an angry old bore!? It seems the palsied playwright hasn't got a good word for anyone, especially if they're dead!! First his poor old mum gets it in the neck. Then his wives are given the bucket-of-cold-sick-on-the-grave treatment. Both of 'em!?! Whatever happened to good manners, Mr Osbore?!? It's high time they brought the curtain down on your performance!! (Geddit?!?)*

□ STOP knocking Princess Michael, for cryin' out loud?!? OK, so she has some help writin' her books?!? Who doesn't? The toffee-nosed critics spend their time a-jeerin' and a-sneerin' jus' 'cause our Marie Christine is beautiful *and* talented *and* married to one of the most glamorous Royals of them all?!? I say hats off to Austria's loveliest war criminal. *(Shurely 'author'? Ed.)*

■ *READ Ben Okri's book? Me neither. Z-z-z-z-z-z-z!!?!*

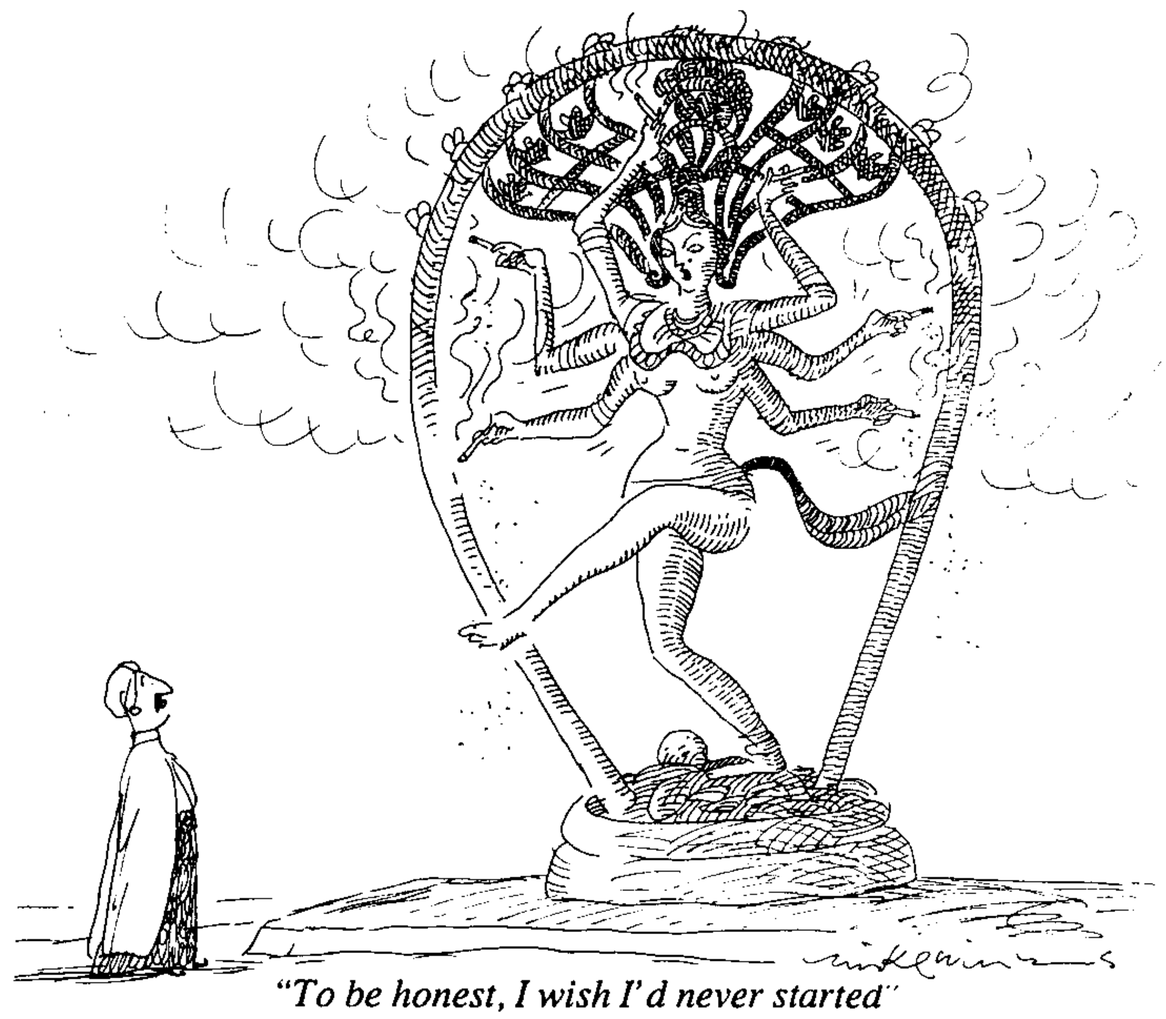
HERE they are — Glenda's Halloween Hunks:

SIR PETER IMBERT. Hi there, Officer! Have you got the time? (Geddit?!?)

GREVILLE JANNER MP. [redacted]

ITZHAK SHAMIR — crazy name, crazy guy!!!

Byeeeeeeeee!!!!



"To be honest, I wish I'd never started"

A Doctor writes

As a doctor, I am often asked: "Doctor, will you stop groping me?"

This may seem trivial, but it is in fact what we doctors call *Slandorum aggravatum loadsamoneyensis*, or, in layman's terms, an opportunity to make a small fortune.

What normally happens is that the doctor sues his female colleague for slander. She then finds that a large sum of money has to be removed in a long and complicated operation. The cash is taken from her, and donated tax-free to myself.

If you feel you may have been suffering from slanders, however minor, you should seek immediate legal advice.

© A Rich Doctor

NEXT WEEK: *Taramasalata.*

BBC2 *9.00*

On Again

by Harold Pinter

(A man and a woman sit in front of a television. He is balding with glasses. She wears shiny high-heeled shoes)

SHE: You're on again.

HE: On what?

(Pause)

SHE: There. You know. Again.

HE: Am I?

(He crosses room and comes back with bowl)

HE: Would you like an olive?

(We hear an actor on the television)

ACTOR: Would you like an olive?

SHE: You're never off. Always on.

(There is a long pause. He eats the olive menacingly. We hear actress on the television)

ACTRESS: You're never off. Always on.

SHE: Shall I turn it off?

HE: He came again today.

SHE: Who? Yentob?

HE: He said I'll be on again soon.

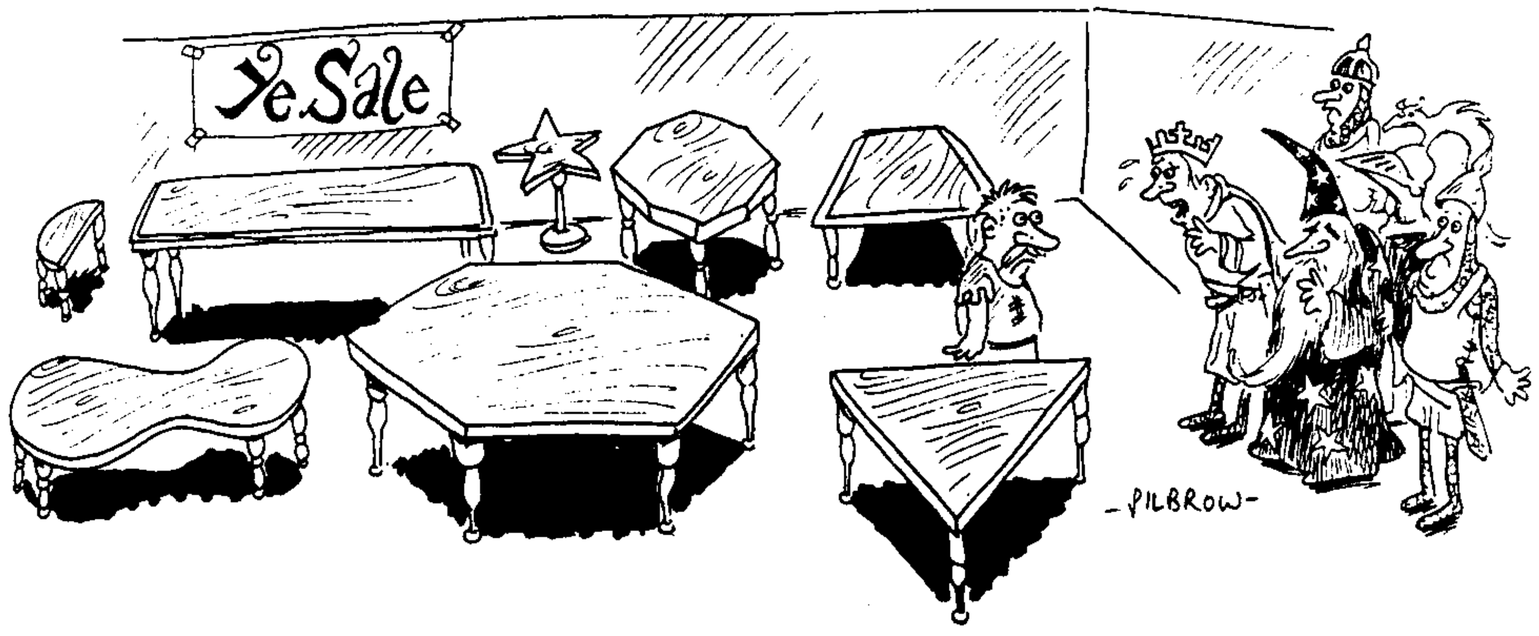
(Very short pause as they look at the television)

SHE: There you are, you're on. Yentob said you'd be on.

HE: On what?

SHE: There, you know. Again.

(Continued indefinitely)



"We sort of had our hearts set on something round"

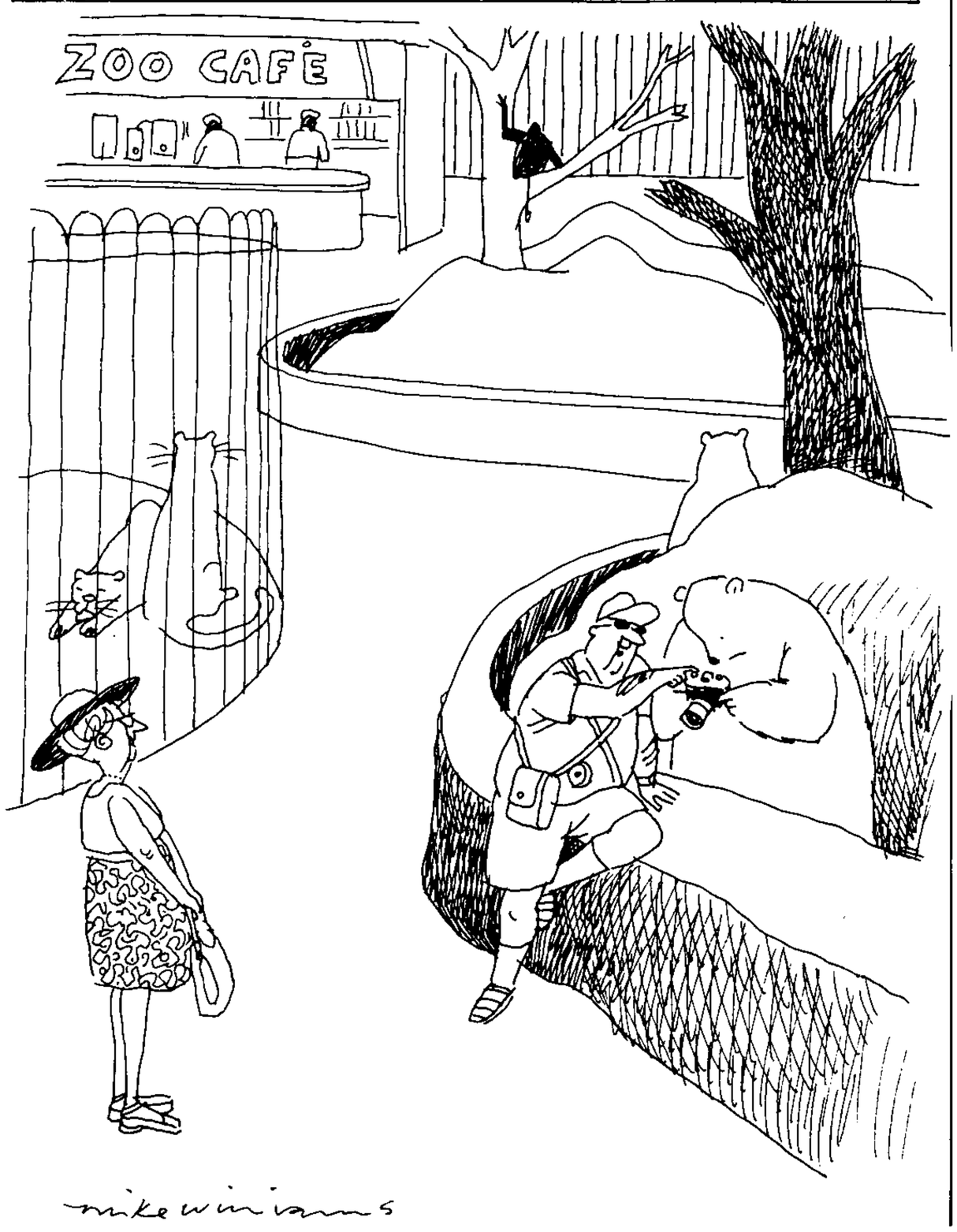
The World's Worst Columnist

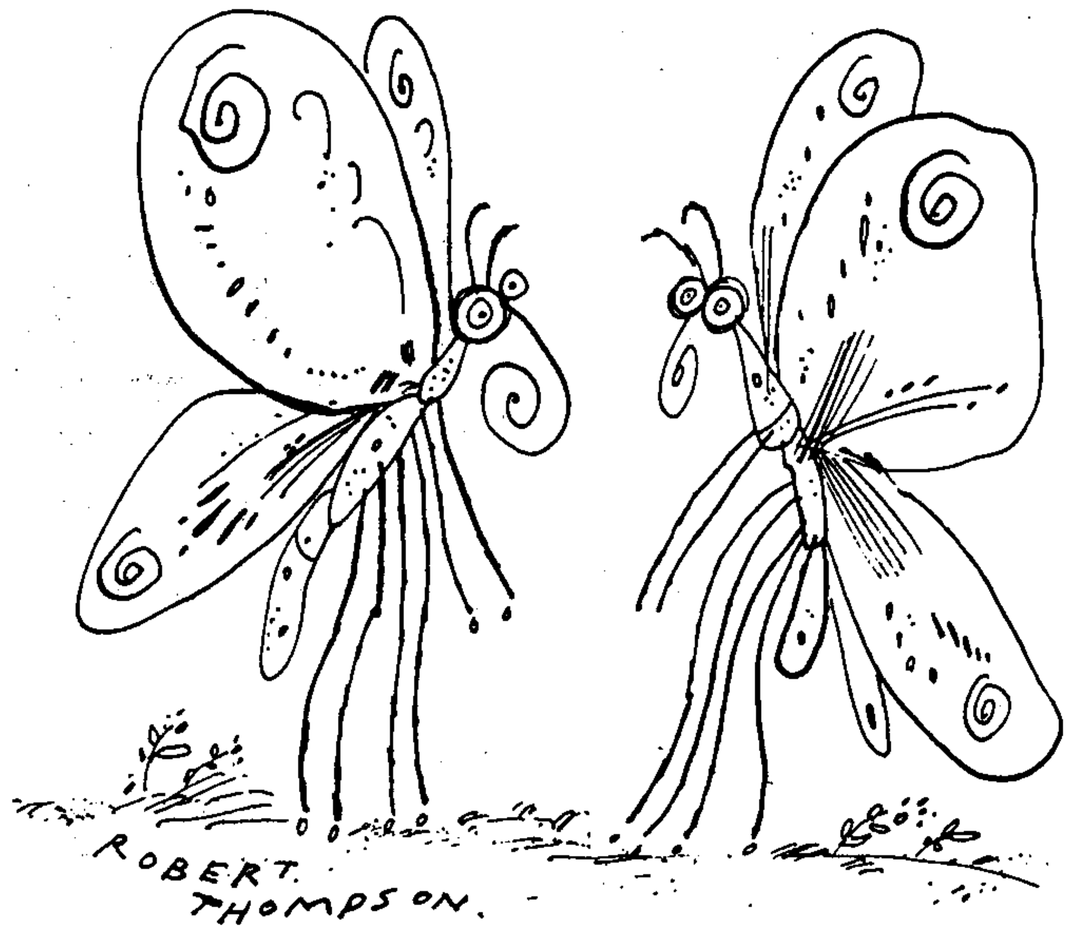
HAVE you noticed how much darker it gets at night? Yet, when we get up in the morning, it is still light. Doesn't it make you wonder what is going on?

☐ **YOU hear very little about Princess Margaret nowadays, yet not so long ago she was a constant source of gossip and speculation. Why the change? I ask myself. Could it be that people are writing about her much less?**

☐ *WHY do some journalists go on about how dark it is at night? After all, most of us are sound asleep at night so we do not give a fig whether it is dark or light. When I was a wee bairn in Aberdeen, it was sometimes so dark in the day that we had to turn on the light to read about Princess Margaret in our newspapers.* (You're fired. Ed.)

NASH, HOWETT, COCKS & CLAPP.
SOLICITORS.
NOTARIES PUBLIC COMMISSIONERS FOR OATHS





"Hi, what's your name, Happy Birthday, I love you, let's have children, goodbye"

STOP THIS INHUMAN PRACTICE NOW

Every year hundreds of dumb animals are herded together and transported from Britain to Europe in the most appalling conditions. Crammed one-to-a-seat in first-class railway carriages, these helpless creatures suffer intolerable treatment on their fatal journey to Brussels. They are force-fed huge meals of smoked salmon, Chateaubriand and profiteroles. All they have to drink are bottles of champagne or even claret.

This pathetic living cargo can put on as much as a stone in weight on the long, relentless journey from London to the EEC Building in Brussels. When they arrive, very often unable to walk, they are driven to their final destination, where they are abandoned to the cruelty of the Europeans.

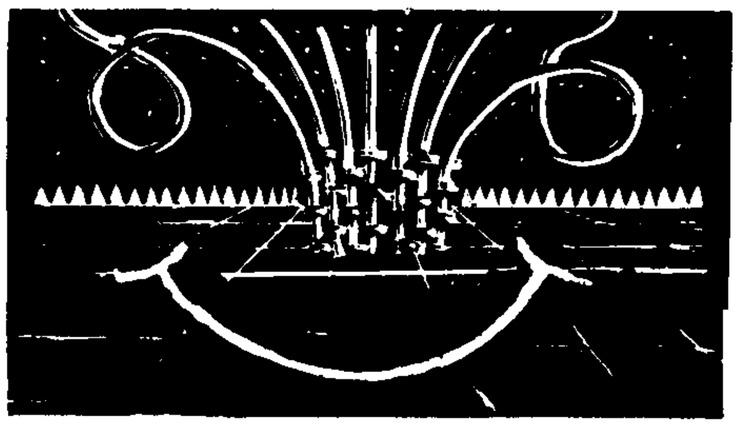
One RSPMEP official in the field said: "You never forget the sound of them snoring; it haunts you all your life."

ACT NOW TO HELP BRITISH LIVESTOCK

'Don't sit there and do nothing — that's their *job'*

Issued on behalf of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Britain's Eurocrats

DIARY



NED SHERRIN

This was the week in which it was announced that Price Charles had given up polo for golf — a case of going for a Hole In One, perhaps, or not as the case may be, so let's swiftly recall that this was the week in which Mr Robert Maxwell's raincoat was returned from the cleaners: a sure sign, one might think, that Robert's Mac's Well! and so let's pass rapidly on to a new book about Adolf Hitler in which the author claims that the Führer was something of a perfectionist: one might almost say that he wanted to get it Reich First Time, but now let us turn without due let or hindrance to the Diary Proper, and one must hope that one is not also a "Diary Pooper", not to be mistaken, of course, for "Diana Cooper", the legendary beauty who is sadly no longer with us, unlike my five studio guests this week!

I am, I fancy, known as something of the *enfant terrible* of the theatre, and to this end I have compiled a wicked volume of theatrical anecdotes (available at all good bookshops now — hurry, hurry! — and excuse my plug, as Robert Mitchum was once heard to say come bathtime!). My own favourites? Tricky quessie, as the late Hermione Gingold might have said, but I would finally have to pick a gem from the legends surrounding the great Sir John Gielgud. These I call my "Gielgoodies", and most of them tell one something of that fine actor's propensity for the Dropped Brick. If your appetite needs whetting, take a nibble, if you will, at this:

Upon hearing that the then Sir Laurence Olivier was to star as Hamlet opposite the great Vivien Leigh, Sir John, somewhat hard-of-hearing, was heard to exclaim, "I'm sorry — I didn't catch what you said"!! The information having been diligently repeated, Sir John, famously forgetful, said, "I forgot — have they performed together before?" In fact, the glamorous couple had been married a full six months at the time of this inapposite remark!!

Following a disastrous first night in The Tempest, Sir John, as forgetful as ever, was heard to say, "Let's hope the third night goes better!" On being told that there was still the *second* night to go, he turned to his diary before issuing the following gem: "*Good Lord — so there is!*"

I have come — for my sins — to be known as the Godfather of the great Sixties Satire boom. Heady days, indeed. I was then producing the legendary *That Was The Week That Was*, better known to one and all as *TW3*. Week after week, we took razor-sharp lunges at some of the most esteemed Sacred Cows of the day — and somehow lived to tell the tale! I remember well a sketch involving dear Milly Martin and my old friend David Frost (whatever happened to David, I wonder?!! — only kidding, David!) in which Harold Macmillan was bitterly attacked in the following sparklingly savage repartee:

David: The Prime Minister, Mr Harold Macmillan, announced today that Britain was in the *red.*

Milly: And that, David, must be why he feels *blue!* (LAUGHTER)

David: Yes, Milly, but let's not criticise him for being *yellow!* (LAUGHTER)

Milly: After all, he's making his rivals quite *green* (with envy)!!! (LAUGHTER and fade to blackout).

Lance Percival *(singing to calypso rhythm):*
Oh, The PM says he's oh-so-blue
He's a funny fella - believe me it's true
Doo-bee-doo-bee-doo-bee-doooo!
Oh, yes, The PM says he's... blue!!

Sketches such as this shook the establishment to its very core, and ushered in the social revolution of the 1960s. I suppose if one wanted to be pompous one would say that one changed British society forever with one's wit and irreverence, but one had no idea at the time that what one was doing was so historic. There were complaints, of course — particularly when David Frost described the then Home Secretary, Henry Brooke, in a satirical aside, as "Brooke-ing no opposition" — but we fought the good fight. These days, the same rich anti-establishment satirical spirit survives, for my money, in the persons of Robert Elms and Carol Thatcher on Radio 4's *Ned Sherrin's Loose Ends*.

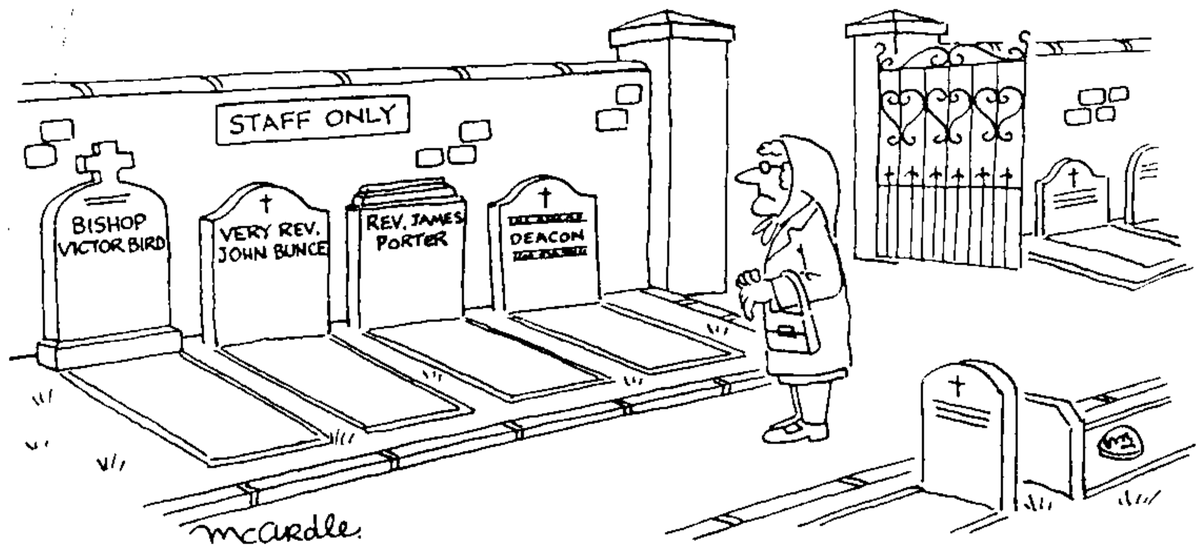
The late Coral Browne did much to conceal her extraordinary kindness and generosity of spirit. Upon seeing the delicious Diana Rigg making her first entrance as Hedda Gabler in Strindberg's great play *The Doll's House*, she could not "button her lip", as young Robert Elms might have put it. "My God!" she turned to me and bellowed. "Diana always did have fat legs, darling!"

To dinner at the Caprice with Gore Vidal and a couple of young friends. As usual, Gore is in excellent form and needs little prompting to display the full range of his exquisitely caustic tongue. On Nancy Reagan: "I believe she was once married to an actor." On Margaret Thatcher: "Poor old Margaret." On Great Britain: "A forgotten little country situated, it is widely believed, somewhere off the coast of Normandy." On Martin Amis: "Poor little Martin." On European Monetary Union: "Frankly, it doesn't keep me awake at night." On President Bush: "Poor old George." On Norman Mailer: "Poor old Norman." On Reigate: "Not today, dear." On Jesus Christ: "Poor old Jesus."

Needless to say, we are all in *fits* at these witty and waspish *bon mots*. "I will always remember," I chip in, as the laughter subsides, "having cocktails with the late Gertrude Lawrence and the legendary Alan Jay Lerner, composer of *Dotty About Dishes*, *Make Mine Sixpence*, *Dreaming of Dahlias* and numerous other classics of the day, just before a party thrown by that admirable all-round thespian Nyree Dawn Porter for the magical Evelyn Laye at which, as I remember, the lovely Maggie Smith and the must under-rated Petula Clark were to be seen talking to the splendid Shelley Winters, then starring with dear Glynis Johns in *Whistling Wildly Through the Wisteria* at the Aldwych, when who should walk in but the unstoppable Tyrone Guthrie accompanied by the sharp-tongued but infinitely resourceful Dame Alicia Markova, who was about to regale us all with an anecdote concerning unmentionable goings-on between my favourite old trouper Fenella Fielding and —"

At this moment, I look mischievously around at my audience in order to heighten the comic effect. They are nowhere to be seen. The maitre d' bustles over. "They left for a club 'alf an 'our ago, m'sieur," he tells me. "But they told me to tell you they will be back before the punchline." My reputation as a raconteur has obviously preceded me, for sure enough, they reappear twenty minutes later, right on time for the punchline: "And Coral turned to me and bellowed, 'My God, Diana always did have fat legs, darling!' " I open the laughter, and in less than thirty seconds, they have all joined in, proving once again that the Satire Boom is far from over.

CHOCOLAT AU LAIT SUPÉRIEUR AU RIZ
crap'/s
Le plaisir de crapsiller
crap's chocolat au lait supérieur au riz croustillant



Literary Review

Never mind this bollocks...

England's Dreaming: Sex Pistols and Punk Rock
Jon Savage
(Faber, £17.50)

THOUGH there were some notable trailblazers — for example George Melly's *Revolt Into Style* — the sociology of British popular music really begins with a man named Simon Frith.

Frith, a sociology don at — would it have been? — Warwick University, started writing about pop in its, er, *cultural context* round about the mid 1970s. At the time pop music, then dominated by ageing hippies and po-faced synthesizer players, was taking itself very seriously indeed and consequently rather welcomed this new access of respectability. Cue a very large number of books in which the transient affiliations of "the kids" acquired an effortless semi-academic gloss.

Jon Savage, whose obsession with the Sex Pistols began shortly after he came down from Cambridge and began to attend their parties — there is a picture of him here (back view) watching the aftermath of the constabulary's bust of the famous floating Jubilee party on the Thames in June 1977 — is a graduate of the Frith school.

His distinguishing feature is that he has read even more marginally relevant books and has even more gay, catch-all theories knocking around in the back of his head. Fifteen years of avid research into the phenomenon that was Punk Rock has clearly allowed him to whip up a tremendous, transmedial, intellectual storm.

The story of the Sex Pistols — John, Paul, Steve and Glen (later replaced by Sid) goes something like this: a North London mad-lad (Rotten), two "working class tossers" (Steve Jones's own description of his and Paul Cook's social background) and the songwriter (Matlock) are employed by a luminous svengali, Malcolm McLaren.

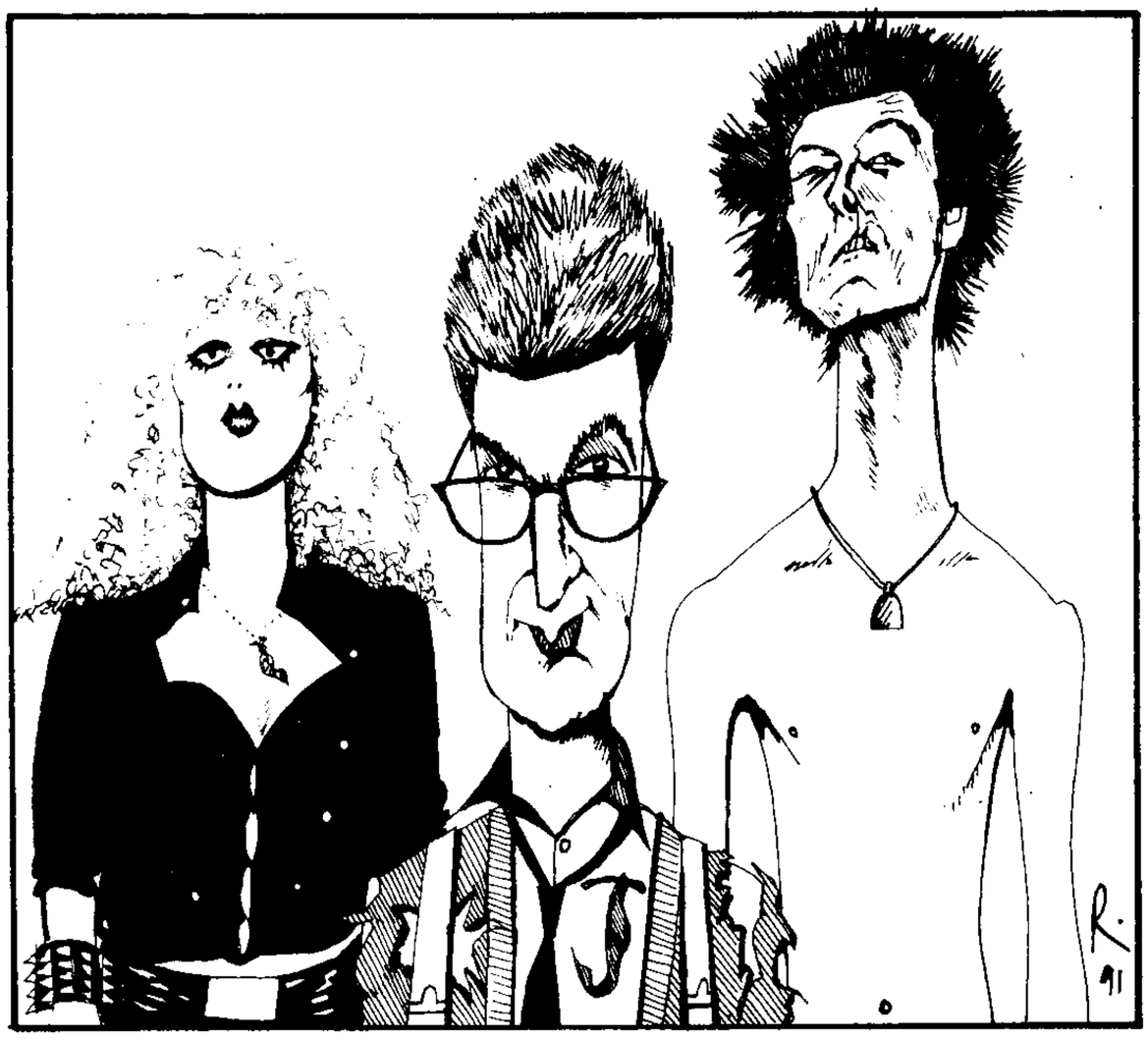
Collective obnoxiousness and managerial *chutzpah* soon emblazons their name across every tabloid in England and places them in the enviable position of being paid large sums of money *not* to make records. The few that eventually creep out are attended by maximum controversy and colossal sales. They make the fatal mistake of firing the songwriter and replacing him with someone who merely looks the part (Sid). Lots of other groups are in on the act so you now have a "movement". McLaren, meanwhile, is more interested in getting funding for a film (what was to become *The Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle*) than tending his charges. By now, in any case, everybody hates everybody else and the whole shebang dissolves in a mire of acrimony, law suits (not resolved until 1986) and death (Sid's and his girlfriend Nancy's).

Simple, eh? Well actually not so simple. This is sociology, remember, in which nothing is contingent — ie it just happened — but where each tiny piece of detail is harnessed to the lurching tumbril of historical inevitability. In his eagerness to link a small and ceaselessly manipulated youth movement to the grand historical process — to demonstrate that the music "connected with what people were feeling" (that is, mid '70s national decay) — Savage assembles some quite dizzying connections: binding McLaren and his sidekick Vivienne Westwood to some anarchic Sixties funsters called the Situationists, Rotten to Winstanley and the Diggers and the imagery of the Pistols' songs to the sexual fantasies of the Third Reich.

There are, naturally enough, some points about punk and youth culture generally straining to get out here. What stifles them is, on the one hand, the perfunctoriness — the historical background is always sketched in by other people in the "as X has written..." manner — and, on the other, the portentousness. Every egghead you've ever heard of, from Bakunin to R.D. Laing, gets quoted and there is an abundance of sociological hipspeak (the Pistols, of course, had a "socio-political ideology") which leads the fanzine to be defined as "living exemplar" of the "access aesthetic". The odd ragbag of styles is explained thus: "Punk announced itself as portent with this polysemy of elements drawn from the history of youth culture."

Painstaking in its accumulation of detail, *England's Dreaming* is not an uninteresting book or even a misguided one — it's just massively over-intellectualised. Another defect is Savage's curious use of the word "moral". Apparently all these brave young leather boys and girls who spat at each other, took drugs and hated their parents had something called "moral authority" not to mention the inspiration of "class rage". Class rage indeed! Most of them were middle-class art students.

Similarly, attributing "moral authority" to a sinister aggro-fomentor like Vivienne Westwood or pinheads such as the Clash (who announced at one point that they believed in something called "constructive violence") is stretching it a touch. The feature of early Sex Pistols-style punk was that it had no moral authority at all. That came later with Paul Weller's mod socialism and the multi-ethnic bands of the two-tone era. Savage's inquiry though stops with Sid Vicious's suicide: "The ultimate statement of Punk's inbuilt drive to failure". For once, succinctness wins out.



BOOKS & BOOKMEN

■ **ONCE again Bookworm correctly predicted the winner of the Booker Prize (*Eye* 778).**

This was not true of Tom Maschler who was sitting at Martin Amis's Cape table at the Guildhall when the announcement was made. However, Maschler managed to slide across the floor to the other Cape table with Ben Okri on it just in time to be seen embracing him by millions of BBC2 viewers.

☐ ANTHONY "Fatty" Cheetham was also at the losers' table. This was appropriate enough as he was to lose his job as chief executive the next day. Alberto Vitale, the human hair conditioner who runs Random Century (including Cape) from New York was at the winner's table clearly thinking about "Fatty's" demise. Vitale summoned Fatty to breakfast the following morning, but Fatty, having danced the night away at the Cape celebration party at the Groucho, rather stylishly failed to turn up. Vitale had to sack him later.

■ *"FATTY" has been replaced by Gail Rebuck who was at the Booker for the first time. ("Next she'll be reading a book," bitched the other publishers.) She attended with husband Phillip Gould who is Kinnock's top publicity adviser and, lo and behold, there were Neil and Glenys giving their opinions on literature to the nation's viewers.*

Gail's rise to the top of the Century pile is in no small measure due to her belief in the "reporting" school of publishing — ie report to your superiors at all times. Independent minded men like "Fatty" kept making their own decisions and not listening to men with Italian names. That is all over now at Random as the Rebuck doesn't stop here but goes back to Vitale.

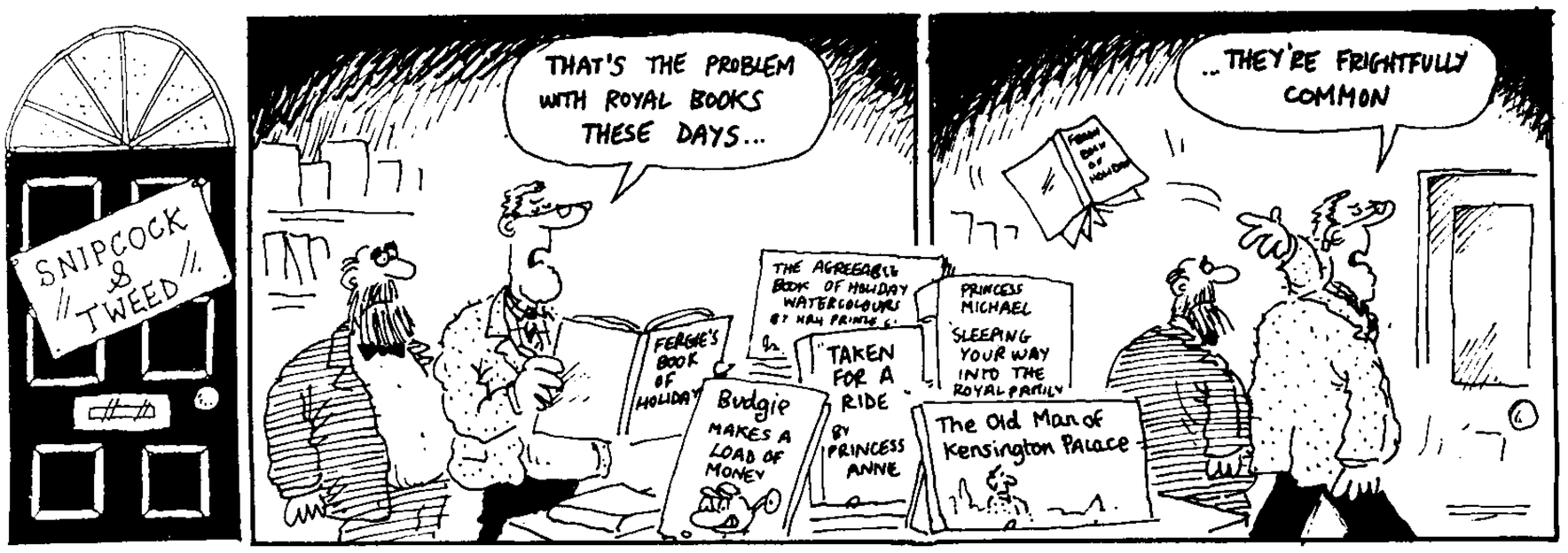
Fans of "Fatty", however, predict that he will bounce back and that with wife Rosie he will get his revenge by the end of the century (pun intended).

☐ HARPERCOLLINS as usual failed even to get an author on the Booker shortlist. Meanwhile its non-fiction department has been shaken up with the elevation of Bernard Ingham's editor Michael Fishwick and "Professor" Stuart Proffitt to the rank of publishing directors.

This promotion is considered a reward for sitting through a meeting with the increasingly bonkers Mrs Thatcher. HarperCollins' newest big signing needs an editor for her forthcoming book (she has got a writer in Robin Harris) and Eddie "Arturo" Bell generously offered her a choice of two. After the beauty contest the worst job in British publishing fell to Proffitt, who apparently knows more about history.

Perfect for Mrs Thatcher.

'Bookworm'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Health News

Pennies for the Guy

WHILE the Government trumpets the patients' charter, its latest absurd health service gimmick, its last big idea — the internal health market — is so unworkable that Guy's Hospital, the trust status flagship, is being propped up by cash from a secret slush fund.

When the NHS Review concluded that the hospital service was underfunded, the Government knew better. Poor management of resources was to blame; and it hurriedly announced plans to split the NHS into "purchasers" and "providers".

Purchasers would be the GPs who had chosen to become "fundholders", with district health authorities acting for those who had not; providers would be the hospitals, some of which would be allowed to opt out, like Guy's, and become more independent with "trust" status.

The aim was to make hospitals compete for business from purchasers who would shop around for the best buys, shortest waiting lists and set contracts accordingly. The new motto was: "Money follows the patient". Patient choice would, it was said, be greatly enhanced — though quite why anyone in Weybridge might want an operation in Wigan because it was cheaper for their doctor is hard to fathom.

The complete shambles that has resulted is pitiful — not least because a large-scale simulation in East Anglia (known as the Rubber Windmill) predicted the shambles. It's all very well for hospitals to produce plans for how much work they can do if they can attract contracts from purchasers. Almost every hospital has closed wards and reduced theatre sessions to save money and has, therefore, extra capacity. *But if the total NHS pot is the same, for every hospital that does more, another will do less.* There have to be losers as well as winners — all the more so if the enormous extra cost of the new management systems is met from existing funds.

To develop or extend services in a hospital, there must be money up front. But there isn't any. The motto that money *follows* patients was always absurd: the most brilliant manager could not hope to make a go of such a system.

When the Government realised the inevitable outcome of the internal market was that some hospitals would shut, it panicked. Rather than let the market take its course (which in some parts of the country might have been no bad thing, forcing the closure of dilapidated high-cost workhouses) it devised the "managed market" to limit the pace of change. That meant business as usual and a freeze on trust applications in London — bust trusts are not a Good Thing electorally.

But even this has failed. Purchasing health authorities have *less* money this year than last and have been forced to contract *less* work. Now that an election looms and financial failure for the trusts would be a disaster, trusts are being allowed to cheat.

Guy's, for instance, is in big trouble: estimates of its difficulties vary from a budget deficit of £2m to £5m by the end of this financial year. Its initial business plan was wildly optimistic: non-contract work, or "extracontractual referrals", fell far short of estimates. And it was a further big shock when Guy's found some of its surrounding purchasers, the suburban health authorities in south-east London like Bexley and Bromley, offering to buy less on contract than in the previous year because their purchasing allocation had been cut.

The difference between what Guy's expected to sell, and what Bexley and Bromley wished to buy, was about £100,000 worth of business in each case. Guy's insisted each district buy the same level of service as before, but Bexley and Bromley dug in their heels: they had less money, they needed to cut spending and saw no reason why Guy's should be exempted.

But how could the Government's flagship trust be allowed to fail? It couldn't. Enter the South-East Thames Region, which made a secret one-off donation to each district to settle the difference. What slush fund it came from no one knows. How the money could have been better spent locally, everyone knows. Never mind that local hospitals could have done the work for less or that £100,000 could have saved yet another local ward closure. Indeed never mind "market forces" — bailing out Guy's was the imperative.

It's a funny old free market where the purchaser is told what to buy, even if he doesn't want to, just to save the Government's face. And the added tragedy is that the reforms could work if there was more money to implement them — although if there were more money they wouldn't be necessary! The limit in the system is not what providers can provide — it is what purchasers can buy. And that takes everyone back to the original finding of the NHS Commission — that the NHS is underfunded.

'Hippocrates'

A very private practice

THE appalling mess left by the Government's first experiment in privatising NHS administration sees its 300 former staff on the dole — but its directors doing very nicely thank-you.

Qa Business Services was the West Midlands regional health authority's former computing bureau which ran the payroll systems for 100,000 NHS staff, as well as patient records and accounts. The RHA's Tory chairman, failed businessman Sir James Ackers, privatised it in 1989 but in September Qa collapsed after running up losses of more than £1 million and debts of several million more.

The collapse came after 250 staff had been sacked and was accompanied by 70 more job losses with staff being told to whistle for their last month's wages.

But the day before the receivers came in, managing director "Dr" Eric Burling slapped in an expenses claim for £3,000 — and demanded it be paid on the spot. And Peter Brown, the financial director, had suddenly produced a sick note a couple of weeks earlier and took early retirement on a pension of more than £30,000.

His luck contrasts with other employees who took early retirement on the promise of extra pension — and have now been told to forget it. Many are being forced back to work.

Meanwhile, the sickly Brown has been touting his services as a consultant — with recommendations from RHA director Martin Davies. Hereford district is considering employing him.

The prize for pure cheek, however, must go to Ian McCallum, who left Qa just before the crash and has suddenly emerged in a senior position at AT&T Istel. His appointment was rapidly followed by the announcement that AT&T had bought what remained of Qa for substantially less than £4 million.

Burling and the other main shareholder-director, Peter Owen, have suddenly disappeared. Earlier this year they offered Qa to AT&T for £12 million, a sale which would have made them instant millionaires. It failed — but negotiations between the two and AT&T continued. The company was unusually well-prepared when the receivers were called in, issuing a press release almost simultaneously announcing plans to buy it.

Energy

Power politics

No 4: CHP

PROVIDING hot water, almost free, by harnessing the waste heat that escapes from power stations, appeals to nearly everyone. Combined heat and power (CHP), as it is known, has been widely used in Germany, Scandinavia and Russia for more than 50 years. In forward-looking Britain it barely exists.

Power stations are less than 40 per cent efficient — 60 per cent of their energy is lost into the sky as hot air and into the rivers as hot water. By pumping that hot water along pipes into boilers and radiators in people's homes, as they do in the centre of Paris, the savings in gas, electricity and solid fuel use are considerable.

In Britain CHP is used chiefly in small, do-it-yourself units using private generators in hotels and factories. In theory the big generating companies are in favour of it, yet none of them uses it. A mere oversight? Such things do not happen in power politics.

Britain nearly introduced a big scheme in the 1930s when civil engineers planned to lay a hot water pipe under the North and South Circular Roads round London. It would have supplied half the capital's hot water but died a death because nobody pushed for it hard enough. Then in 1948 a pilot scheme was created at Battersea Power Station to supply a small corner of London. A modest turbo-generator was installed, using waste heat, and it worked splendidly pumping hot water under the Thames to supply 3,000 homes, including the luxury flats in Dolphin Square.

In the late 1970s, Sid Duplock, the heating engineer in charge, tried to expand the scheme to supply the rest of the capital. His plan was to tunnel under the roads, but the Central Electricity Generating Board announced the closure of Battersea and said it would also be abandoning the small CHP generator.

It has been replaced by a boiler, run jointly by Westminster council and a private firm, Associated Heat Services, and it only provides hot water: there is no electricity generated so instead of using waste heat it has to burn gas.

While the CEGB's general position was that it favoured CHP as a way of getting better value from its coal, it wanted the user to go and collect the heat from the power station. As an electricity generating company, it was just not interested in people's hot water problems. That is the position of the new generators. But what of the Government, allegedly responsible for national energy policy?

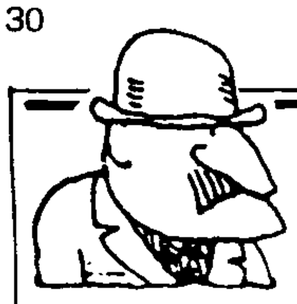
When the CEGB's Lord Marshall was the Government's chief scientist, he headed an official investigation into CHP. He favoured it but concluded it could only be introduced if Britain became a dictatorship and every home was forced to instal new hot water pipes. In fact, 20 million homes were converted to take North Sea gas and heating engineers say that once the CHP ring main has been laid, people are attracted to a cheap supply of hot water and can be piped into the system one by one.

So what lies behind the official lack of enthusiasm? Mr Duplock, as befits a heating engineer, as opposed to an electricity-generating engineer, says the electricity engineers just don't want to be troubled with the problem of delivering hot water.

And there is the added problem that in converting a power station to CHP, there is a marginal loss in electricity generation. Little matter that there is a massive gain in energy efficiency — the corporate engineer and his finance director will always go for what looks best in the annual report and to hell with the environment.

CHP also needs capital investment, but the current attitude of the Treasury stops energy-guzzling public bodies such as schools and hospitals from installing new equipment which will later save money by providing cheap energy. As Peter Holloway, of Associated Heat Services, says: "A public body has the saving chopped out of its budget. We have no problem with the private sector, but if it is a state school which makes savings this year because it has installed a CHP scheme, it can't buy as many books the next year. The revenue budget is cut back by the amount it expects to save. We are trying to talk to the Treasury and I have phoned them three times to ask if I could have a meeting with somebody but I can't get anyone there to discuss the situation."

'Archimedes'



In the City

BANK creditors of Brent Walker and its deposed chairman George "The Accused" Walker, owed £1.5 billion, may be amused to learn of a move by not so Gorgeous George and his longtime legal ally John Hemingway into the world of banking. After all, any business in which there were suits stupid enough to lend them so much must be an easy touch.

Hemingway and the Walker family's Hong Kong company Birdcage Walk have emerged as major shareholders in Dartington, the Bristol-based banking, fund management and stockbroking company which is public but unlisted. Indeed, Hemingway has become chairman and, as a result of a recent open rights issue, his company Morgan Trust is expected to emerge as the largest shareholder.

The rights issue was required because Dartington had fallen on hard times. In the year to last March it turned a £219,000 profit into a £2,705,000 loss largely as a result of having to provide £2.2 million against bad debts and investments.

These results and consequent internal changes have propelled Hemingway into the chairmanship. He was already a director and a large shareholder. Morgan Trust held 635,000 shares, equivalent to 12 per cent. This holding is likely to grow substantially as a result of Morgan Trust generously agreeing to underwrite 1,132,500 shares beyond its entitlement on the 2 for 1 issue at 26p each.

Hemingway also may be connected with another Dartington shareholder, New World Trust from Nassau, an offshore haven well known to the lawyer. New World held 150,000 shares before the issue. New World just happens to have been the trustee for a Walker settlement.

An interesting question waiting for an answer is whether Birdcage Walk took up its rights to buy another 250,000 shares at a cost of £65,000 to add to its previous 125,000 holding (2.4 per cent). Birdcage is owned for the benefit of Walker family settlements. It holds a 24 per cent stake in Brent Walker.

Although a Hong Kong company, Birdcage gives its address as c/o Georgam SAM in Monaco. The same Monte Carlo address is given for General Trust Company, which held 200,000 Dartington shares (3.8 per cent). It remains to be seen whether General Trust also has taken up its new shares.

No doubt the Bank of England will be paying close attention to events at Dartington for, as a licensed bank, it has the right to vet any shareholder of more than 5 per cent and to approve any holder of more than 15 per cent. Hemingway's Morgan Trust is already through the first marker and is expected to rocket through the second courtesy of the rights issue, while the Walker companies could be approaching the 5 per cent ceiling.

After all, an enviable ability to persuade bankers to lend is hardly a qualification. Are those who presided over what still could turn out to be one of Britain's biggest ever corporate crashes "fit and proper" to be in charge of a bank, any bank?

WHILE the Bank of England was most certainly asleep at the wheel over the Bank of Cocaine, Conmen and Impostors, are MPs and the members of the Commons' Treasury select committee any more awake?

Labour's Keith Vaz expressed surprise when presented by the BBC's *Money Programme* with what he described as "material and new information" unknown to the committee. This concerned the high court hearing in May at which it had been revealed that in April the Bank of England had demanded information from BCCI about the covert acquisition of the First American bank group and "false and fraudulent statements" made to the US Federal Reserve Bank.

Eye readers, who clearly do not include Vaz, the committee members or the BBC, would have read all about the hearing — in the case of A and Others v B Bank — and the Bank of England's suspicions and actions in issues 769 and 770, published in June, weeks before BCCI was closed.

The committee might be better off pressing the governor, Robin Leigh-Pemberton, for information about what happened to the report the Bank of England received in 1989 from the Association of International Bond Dealers into Capcom Financial Services. Capcom was a close associate of BCCI, implicated in not just its money laundering activities but also its highly unsuccessful bond dealings. Capcom had shareholding and management links to BCCI.

AIBD expelled Capcom because it would not identify its owners. The Bank did nothing, despite being given the results of the AIBD investigation. Once again another barking dog failed to disturb the sleeping regulators.

IT WOULD seem only a matter of time before war breaks out again over building and motor trading group Goode Durrant between the chairman, London-based Michael Waring, and his largest shareholders, fellow South Africans, the Nash family. The Nash holding, held on borrowed funds at a sizeable loss with the shares down at 89p, is likely to be used as a springboard for a bid by A.N. Other.

Any such result is likely to throw a spotlight on the curious corporate trail through which the Waring interests control 13 per cent of Goode Durrant.

The initial Waring stake of 29 per cent was acquired six years ago with the aid of £6 million remitted from South Africa, a country renowned for tough foreign exchange rules. Permission was given for the purchase which may not be entirely surprising as Waring's father Frank was a former minister in the Vorster government.

The Waring interests received their money back and more when in October 1987, the day after Black Monday, they exercised a put option which required New Zealander Bruce Judge to buy three million shares at 238p. Just over £7.1 million was paid to the Panamanian company Devon Associates which held the shares. This deal did not bring a smile to the faces of more than 20 institutions who had signed up to take 14.5 million Goode Durrant shares from Judge at 235p before the crash.

Since that deal there has been an intriguing reorganisation of the subsequently increased Waring stake — all, it seems, without any cash returning to South Africa.

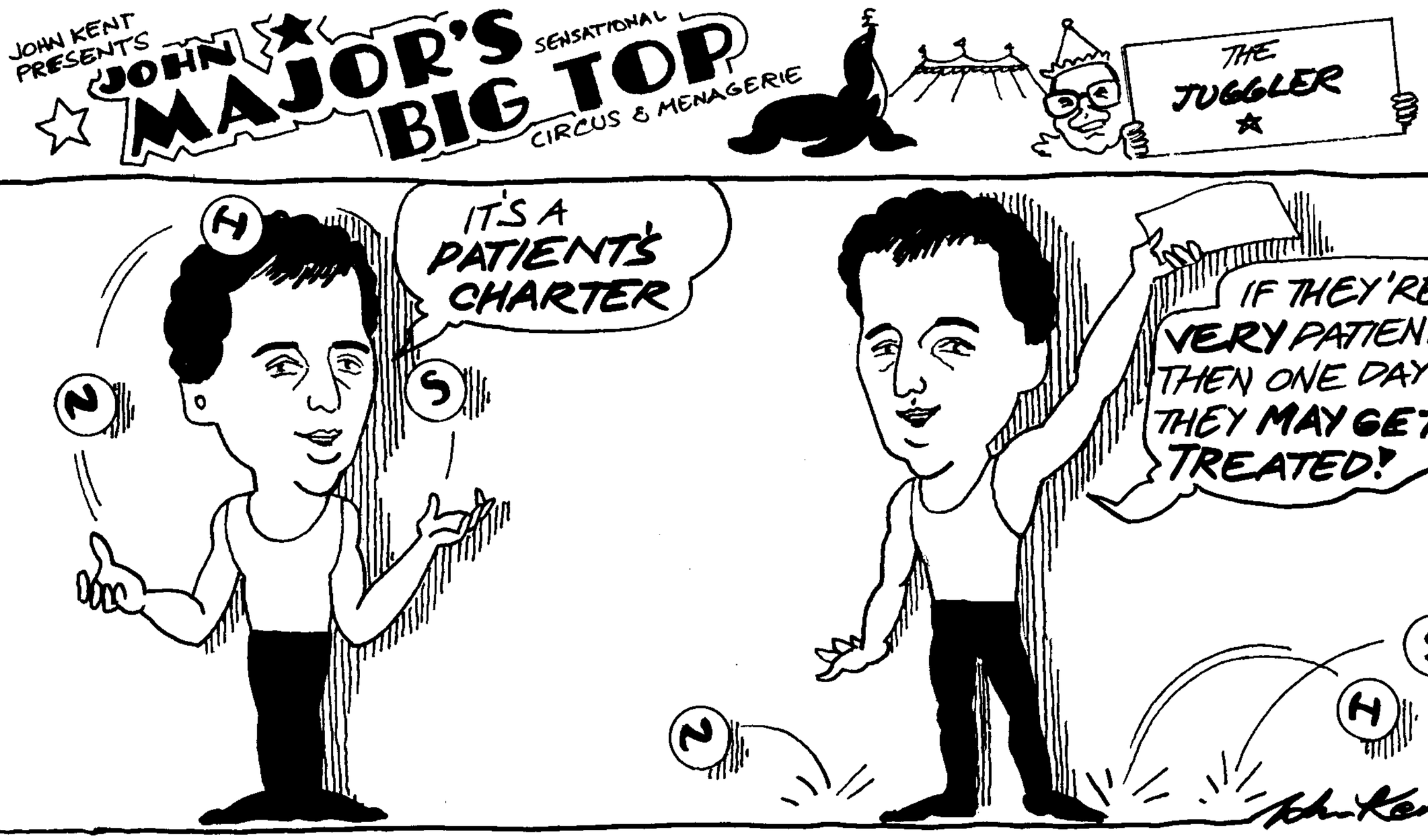
The Goode Durrant stake is ultimately owned by trusts established for the benefit of Frank Waring and his children. Up until October 1988 the shares were held mostly by South African trusts through a local company, Bluegum Investment, which controlled Devon via a company in Liechtenstein, Infintraco.

But in October 1988 all that changed with the purchase by the Waring interests of control in a Luxembourg company with the attractive name of Zatto Group SA. Zatto was linked to Slater Walker's former main man in South Africa, Michael Javett. Javett left and Michael Waring became a Zatto director.

This followed the purchase by Zatto for $21.4 million (£12.3 million today) of a British Virgin Island company, Zealot, which owned Infintraco. Zealot/Infintraco/Devon controlled $9.1 million cash plus the Goode Durrant stake.

Control of Goode Durrant moved from South Africa even if most of the beneficiaries did not. For the shares once controlled by Bluegum are now largely controlled through the BVI (a haven not unknown to the Nash family), Liechtenstein and Luxembourg. So any cash realised by a Goode Durrant bid is firmly locked away in politically stable tax havens.

'Slicker'



POLICE 5

THE recent suicide of a normally "robust" police officer in Exeter has thrown new light on a mysterious case of police brutality that has been playing in the courts of the Devon county town.

The saga started on 30 September last year when David Coker had a row with his wife. The police were called, seven of them arrived, and Mr Coker was soon being subjected to the "softening up treatment" in which provincial police forces specialise and which requires liberal use of the truncheon.

Nothing much was heard from Mr Coker for three weeks, after which he made a complaint about being hit all over the head and body with truncheons. Eventually a junior policeman present at the scene, Bryan Hebburn, was charged with kicking Mr Coker in the face.

At his trial, Christopher Wilson-Smith QC, defending, said the police case was that the angry husband had to be subdued and that, when he was finally lying quietly on the floor, the young Hebburn, in a rush of over-enthusiasm, kicked Mr Coker again and again in the face. Forensic evidence for this was thin: a doctor told the court the victim had probably not been kicked in the face at all but had been hit with truncheons on the head and shoulder.

One of the most impressive witnesses was the senior officer involved, PC Paul Mason. He said he was disgusted and horrified by the attack made by his young colleague against Coker. Neither his disgust nor his horror, however, had been strong enough to induce him to report the assault until weeks after it took place.

As the case went on, it became clear that Mason's story was becoming more and more fantastic. The word "perjury" was being widely circulated and on 17 October, after Mason had given evidence and as the trial was proceeding, the report came in that Mason had hanged himself.

Mason had a legendary reputation in Exeter. Recently, during a poll tax protest, a man tried to pass him to get into Exeter magistrates' court. Mason arrested the man and charged him (successfully) with threatening behaviour, though a video of the scene revealed only a mild verbal argument.

Where does the truth lie? Christopher Wilson-Smith QC suggested that senior offieers, led by Mason, had got together to cook up a story after Mr Coker made his complaint — and, in the best traditions of the West Country police, put all the blame for the assault on their most junior colleague. Charges against him were thrown out.

LIFE doesn't get any easier for Hackney's boys in blue. Hot on the heels of the *Eye*'s revelation that they are to be sued for wrongful arrest and assault come two more developments unlikely to win them many new friends.

A court at Knightsbridge recently quashed two convictions for assaulting police. The two men claimed that officers had repeatedly abused and beaten them during their arrest outside a party, and later at City Road police station. The men were cleared after it emerged that six of the policemen in the case had also been involved in the beating dished out to Michael Lavery and Geoffrey Eaton (see last *Eye*).

Less than a week later, a third man had his convictions for assaulting police and threatening behaviour thrown out at Highbury. Clint Nelson, a towering 5ft6ins and weighing in at 8 stone had spent six weeks in prison, accused of headbutting a 6'3" policeman while two other burly officers held his arms.

All three men are suing the Met and will doubtless receive what criminals call "big drinks" for their pains, courtesy of London's poll

ARMS NEWS

WHY, after the spectacular success of his kingdom in defending itself during the Gulf War, has Prince Khalid Ben Sultan resigned from the Saudi Arabian defence ministry?

The official reason is that the prince was unhappy about the involvement of the United States in Saudi Arabia's defence. But the *real* reason is that the US was unhappy about *his* involvement in defence.

When they arrived in Saudi, the Americans found that most of the expensive military hardwear they had supplied over the years *didn't work*. This included the Boeing AWAC early warning system, while a joint Boeing/CFE Thomson arms project worth $3 billion was also discovered to be hopelessly inadequate.

Saudi estimates now claim 40 percent of the purchase price of these systems disappeared in kickbacks. Hence the fact that it didn't work too well. Prince Khalid, as the man meant to oversee the defence contracts, was the man chosen — metaphorically, anyway, in a modern Arab state — as the head to roll.

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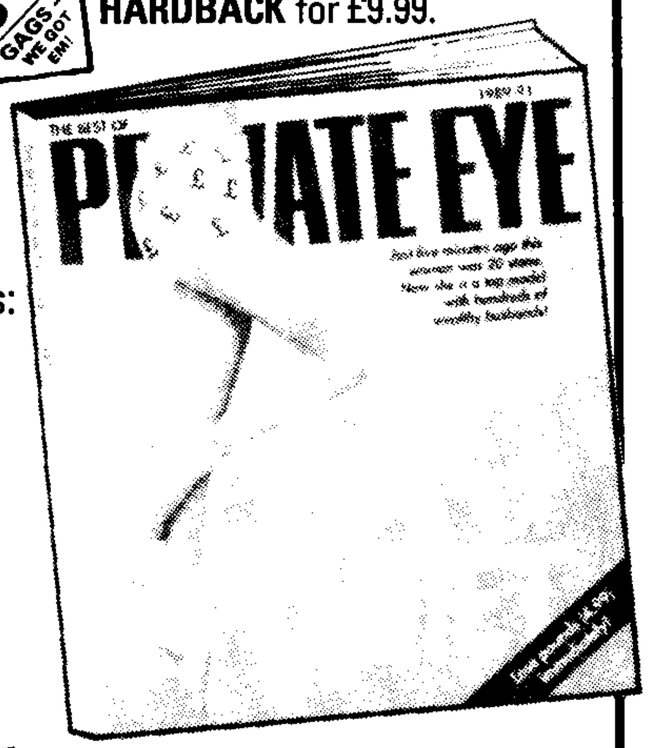

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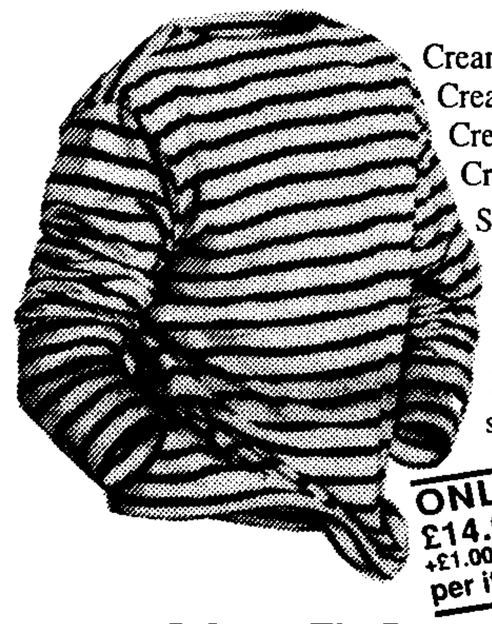

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We can demand that the desire of governments to secure lucrative overseas contracts is not allowed to take precedence over the removal of an unlawful threat to the life of a British citizen.

And we can remind Douglas Hurd that if threats of this kind are seen to prevail, it will not be long before the very democracy that elected him to office is also threatened.

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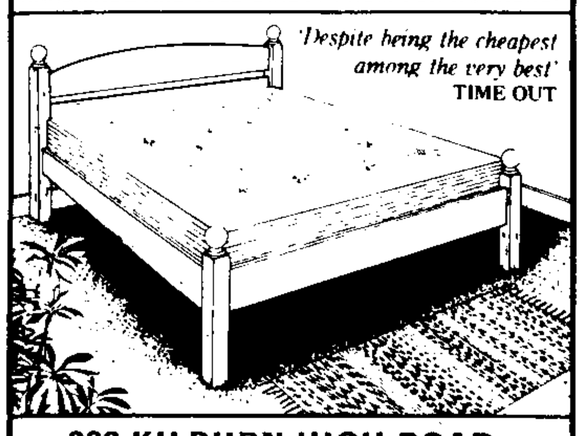

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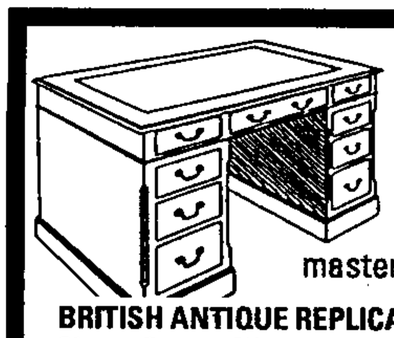

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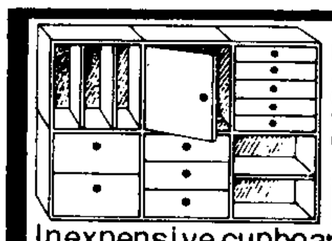

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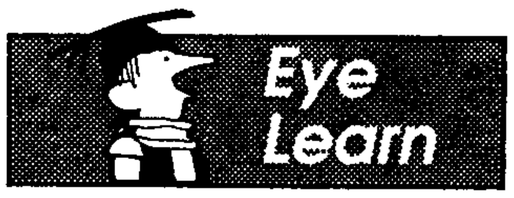

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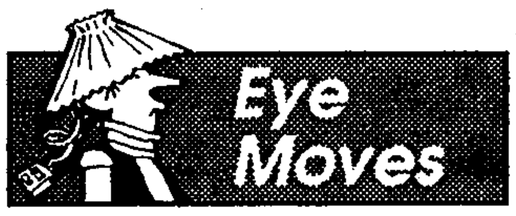

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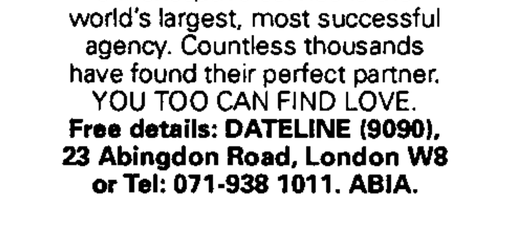

INTELLIGENT GOOD natured man (Newcastle upon Tyne), a young 33, seeks attractive lady 24-32 for fun, romance. Interests — food, drink, countryside, films, theatre, music. Letter and photo please. Box 2080.

CREATIVE ATTRACTIVE intelligent woman seeks similar unattached professional man 42+, children welcome. Photo appreciated. Box 2180.

FEMALE, 28, needs kissing lessons. Box 2280.

DEEPLY CARING educated divorcee seeks loving tall professional man 50+. Box 2380.

YORK WIFE desires brute in suit, hotel hedonism, diurnal discretion. N/S 35/50. Box 2480.

HARD UP drama student seeks friendship of female with spare room. Personality more important than digs. SE London. Box 2580.

WARM CARING discreet male yearns for lady 30ish to enjoy life to the full. Photo please — returned. Box 2680.

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SIXTYISH MALE, virile widely-travelled well-educated, two books published, divorced non-smoker drinks moderately, medium height, slightly overweight but under control, based South Devon seeks company fortyish young lady same general area mildly intellectual. Box 2780.

INCREDIBLY UGLY, short, fat, stupid and compulsively lying single man looking for attractive intelligent woman 24-30 with courage to answer this! (Surprise guaranteed). Photo please. For the cost of a stamp, who knows? Box 2880.

COURTEOUS UNPOSSESSIVE gentle man, assertive yet caring personality, offers unseemly pleasures to she (35/45) who needs loving enthralment. Midlands/anywhere. Box 2980.

SUCCESSFUL NICE Asian 42, seeks successful professional/business male. Box 3080.

NICE LOOKING man, fortysomething, vegetarian ecologically sound. Own house, car, hair, teeth. Interested singing and acting, seeks woman 30s (or less) tolerant, musical, humorous, probably graduate, perhaps with children (his are grown-up). Photo appreciated. Hants/Surrey/Berks area. Box 3180.

GOODLOOKING professional male, 36, City flat, needs attractive slim lady 23-30, to share music, clubs, nights in, mad sense of humour and huge amounts of love. Photo please. Box 3280.

YOUR PLACE or mine, south west Midlands. Fortyish female favoured by fiftyish fellow for flocculent fun and friendship. Foto facilitates. Box 3380.

CITY SOLICITOR, single, swarthy (score and six) seeks sometime secret seduction and spoiling by shapely shameless sophisticate. Saucy spouses' secrets safe. Swop snaps. Say "s". Box 3480.

AFFECTIONATE, CARING, slim blonde, 29, seeking kind (London-based?) professional seeking her for lasting relationship. Contact address please. Box 3580.

ZIPSER NEEDS discreet Mrs Biggs (40-60) Yorks. Box 3680.

LONELY, 30, 5'5" well built n/s professional seeks mature lady, London. Box 3780.

EDUCATED MALE, married, 51, 5'9", seeks intelligent female for affectionate yet physical affair. London/Essex. Box 3880.

START LIFE anew with divorced young 40s prof. House & pool on lake, yacht etc. etc. Every minute action packed. Attractive fun loving n/s 30s or 40s lady to share sparkling future. London S/E. Box 3980.

PUSSYCAT SEEKS owl with/without pea green boat. Must be elegant and wise. Professional lady single 31 seeks similar male for fun and friendship initially. Portsmouth. Box 4080.

BRAVE PARTNER wanted for mad, passionate fling with female scorpion, forties. Box 4180.

GENT 39.9 (not single) normal Eye attributes. Seeks lady, Sheffield area, for all the usual reasons, motives, desires etc. Box 4280.

CALLIPYGOUS BLUE-EYED brunette sought for long-term relationship by graduate despatch rider (35). Box 4380.

LONDON TAXI driver seeks fare maiden 35-45, brain preferred but good tips acceptable, sense of humour best of all. Your photo guarantees reply. Box 4480.

LONDON AUTHOR 40s 6ft pipesmoking seeks female company for friendship tennis theatre sailing. Box 4580.

REPUTEDLY WITTY, pretty and occasionally boring female invites inspired optimistic male of character to challenge events — tiddlywinks, walking, talking, eating etc. in London or S. coast. 28-38. Box 4680.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN, feminine, warm, intelligent, well-educated, sensitive, romantic, extremely young 48, seeks successful intelligent kind man. London. Box 4780.

MALE LAWYER late 30s, sometimes sparkling, sometimes shy. Likes films, theatre, travelling, country walks, dining out or staying in. Seeks like-minded female for friendship or romance. London, Herts, Bucks. Box 4880.

PROFESSIONAL MALE 36, 5'9" tall seeks educated lady for friendship, lasting loving relationship. Box 4980.

PROFESSIONAL MAN, 50, 5'8", slim, seeks non-smoking attractive even-tempered slim lady for regular dining, classical concerts, theatre and love, but not marriage. Permanent relationship sought. I am patient, kind, sensitive and gentle. Photos exchanged. Box 5080.

ARE YOU special? Titian haired Nordic Celt (50s) attractive, amusing, literate, sometimes elegant: international background and small business seeks educated, travelled N/S solvent, London based male (late 40s-50s) to share broad interests, wide horizons/caring relationship? Box 5180.

SLIM, BLONDE, 29, educated, offering affection/goodhumour to partner/best friend (forever) — (London-based?) professional. Contact address please. Box 5280.

ATTRACTIVE CULTURED leggy blonde (26) seeks funloving, unattached professional male, 28-35, to share wild nights out, evenings in and cuddles. Knights in shining sports cars apply with photo please. North West. Box 5380.

OLD DOG learning new tricks. Yes they can. Successful so far. So solvent, relaxed. Needful of female dog (!) to explore phase two. Music, travel, cycling, mountains, peace? More? I am civilized, perceptive, enormously entertaining, challenging. You might be slim, 30s, creative. Box 5480.

SCOTLAND — VERY attractive warm, intelligent woman seeks similar male (34-50). If you've got a great sense of humour, love the countryside, ski, walk, fly even better... Box 5580.

SIMON MAYO designer 27 seeks similar travelled, greenish, fit, life-loving vivacious female. Photo. S.E. Box 5680.

INTRIGUING FEMALE professional 28 small slim passive seeks unattached assertive male n/s London. Box 5780.

ATTRACTIVE 6'(ISH), educated, uncomplicated man (30-40) sought by attractive, 5'7(ish), educated green-eyed brunette (34). Sense of humour, personality and lovely eyes essential. Photo please. London. Box 5880.

S. YORKS MALE 40something unexpectedly available, few visible signs of wear, seeks companionship of younger woman. Box 5980.

VIRGINIA 48, Edinburgh solicitor, tall, slim-ish, seeks friendship and companionship. Box 6680.

MARRIED MAN seeks non-fatal attraction, London/home counties. Box 6080.

SINGLE DAD, 30s, tall, blue eyes, business man. Homes in North London, seeks affectionate lady chum, age nationality not important. Photo a must. Box 6180.

RETIRED MARINER seeks hand with great legs for more pedestrian voyages. Photo could favour early advancement to mate. Box 6280.

MILLIONAIRE PROFESSIONAL man/entrepreneur who is kind, loving and generous with attractive mews flat London, yacht in the Caribbean and chalet in Verbier (or equivalent) wanted to spoil me. I'm 45+, tall, fair, athletic and a lot of fun. Box 6380.

WARM CULTURED professional lady, 43, needs tender loving care. Share music, theatre, laughter and more. Thames Valley. If unattached, unafraid of commitment, please write. No rats. Box 6480.

SURREY BASED slim divorced oriental beauty (SOH), flexible interests, seeks tall slim solvent mate. Photos, telephone please. Box 6580.

IS THERE an affluent lonely intelligent gentleman 50+ who can afford to love, cherish and keep in comfort forever a 5'6" slim elegant attractive brunette? In return he would have love, tenderness and loyalty for as long as we both live. Photo please. Box 6780.

IT'S NO GOOD, you've just got to write to me, nice guy, 43, Bucks. Box 6880.

RARE SLIM volume, first published 1953, stylish witty, chapters include people, children, winter sports, love, life, the universe and everything, looking for male companion to collaborate on future chapters. Bucks/Northampton area. Box 6980.

1956 MALE BODY in fair condition, engine running well, low mileage, long MOT. Write now for trial run. Notts/Lincs area. Box 7080.

RAMBLING YORKSHIRE rose, tall slim variety, vintage 1953, seeks unattached male equivalent (40-50s) to share walks, rambles, music, art, sense of humour, companionship, romance. Long chatty letter guarantees reply. No rotters, drunks or poseurs please. Box 7180.

More than one Box Number reply? Write the number on each envelope and put them all in a larger envelope addressed to us marked "BOX NUMBER REPLIES"

TALL PROFESSIONAL man, married, fortyish, enjoys sailing, ski-ing, windsurfing, meditation, sparkling wine, seeks a discreetly passionate woman near Glasgow. Box 7280.

FUNNY CLEVER attractive woman, 34, seeks long term prospect. N. London. Box 7380.

NURSE/TEACHER/ other professional sought by youngish male lawyer. South. Box 7480.

GUILDFORD GRADUATE (27) seeks Surrey(ish) Sheila. Box 7580.

BANANA SEEKS passion fruit — c'mon ladies. Reply guaranteed. Box 7680.

HANDSOME TALL professional black guy 23, global interests, seeks confident female companion for conversation, laughs, travels, romance. Box 7880.

STUNNING FRENCH actress type, 27, seeks millionaire, aristocrat preferred, for the time of my life. Detailed details please. Box 11080.

AMAZINGLY INTERESTING, cheerful, attractive 50 year leftish London finds herself partnerless! Box 11180.

WANTED — DEBUTANTE as muse for young ambitious writer/director. Must love cinema. Enjoyable, exciting time guaranteed. London. Box 11280.

WEALTHY, PROFESSIONAL,
married man, 45, seeks beautiful young lady for lunch and dinner affairs in London, Rio, New York.
Box 11380.

ROMANTIC RELATIONSHIP sought by very good-looking, intelligent, educated, tall, married, Canadian, 42, with genuinely attractive, intelligent, married woman, London. Box 11580.

HANDSOME, AMUSING and dynamic investment banker, 35, with PhD seeks beautiful and intelligent girl for laughter, adventure, passion and romance. Photo and phone a must. Box 11680.

SUCCESSFUL EXECUTIVE, 40, smart, respectable, slim, sense of humour, with hectic life and domestic misery, seeks affectionate fun loving female for passionate romance and mutually exciting no strings relationship. Discretion essential. All letters answered. Devon/anywhere. Box 7780.

ORIENTAL LADY wanted (30/40) by professional English gentleman. Photo and phone number essential. Box 9479.

TALL PROFESSIONAL male, 39, recently moved Birmingham, seeks slim, non-smoking lady guide, 20-35, for exploration and pursuit of fun, good food, music, etc. Photo please. Box 5379.

SINGLE MALE 30s, slim goodlooking, seeks female 18-36. Blackpool. Box 8980.

MUST BE FUNKY! Exotic male yoga-freak, 40, uninhibited, bright, fun, interesting, creative, well-travelled, successful, born Jewish, seeks sensual, stylish, spiritual, well-educated lady. Photo preferred. Box 9080.

MALE, 36, professional sportsman, intelligent, funloving, seeks older woman for discreet relationship. Box 11480.

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NW PROFESSIONAL woman, 43, attractive, tired of unhappy marriage seeks humorous, articulate and equally dissatisfied man. Letter and telephone number please. Box 12680.

MALE (41), SINGLE, seeks non-smoking attractive lady 30-40, Watford area. Photo please. Box 12780.

OFFSHORE WORKER seeks lady 25-35 for laughs and love, photo and phone please. NW. Box 12880.

UNDERGRADUATE LAD seeks older woman for lust/laughs. W.Yorkshire/anywhere. Photo? Discreet. Box 12980.

POET NEEDS female inspiration. Box 13080.

YOU ARE A TALL attractive lady, 25-35, professional, educated and appreciative of beautiful places and occasions. You also have that certain something. I am 31, male, 6' tall and have my own media business. For drinks and evenings out, please send a photograph. Box 13180.

LONDON AUTHOR 40s, 6ft, pipesmoking, seeks female company for friendship, tennis, theatre, sailing. Box 13280.

Replying to a PRIVATE EYE Box Number? Address your reply to: Private Eye Smalls 6 Carlisle Street London W1V 5RG with the BOX NUMBER on the top line.

FUN-LOVING FARMER, scuba diver, 51, yearns for frisky female with initiative and lively interest in getting on top of her job, also farming with voluptuous agnostic in Celtic fringes who's alive to writings of Ladas/Whipple/Perry/Barbach. Sincere replies sought. Box 7980.

HANDSOME GRADUATE, tall black, 25, seeks witty female for laughs, intelligent conversation. West London. Box 8080.

SINGLE LONDON man, professional, presentable, 49, seeks lady with sense of humour to enjoy civilised life. Photo appreciated. Box 8180.

CAN ANYONE convince this warm available attractive professional male (49) that intelligent attractive slim women exist in S/E? Photo please. Box 8280.

DEEPLY CARING educated Christian lady divorcee seeks tall professional gentleman 50+ for mutual loving togetherness. Box 8380.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN 44, recently returned from working abroad, seeks humorous interesting unattached man to see what happens. Box 8480.

I'M LOOKING for a London man with a busy brain to fascinate and amuse me. If you're 38-45, literary/creative, have all your own hair, maybe it's you. Exchange of photos please. Box 8580.

YORKSHIRE STUD seeks barren or maiden filly. Box 8680.

EDINBURGH MALE, mad entrepreneur (40) seeks 25-35 spaced cadet (slim, vivacious, liar, loves music) for passionate, laughter-filled relationship. I'm starting over — send your jump-leads. Box 8780.

PRETTY LADY with charm and wit seeks a warm, wealthy, attractive man for good times. Box 8880.

YORKSHIRE FEMALE attractive fit very lively humorous sensual, seeks male 20-40 fun relationship. Your photo, letter for mine. Box 9380.

WOMAN (29) bright, witty, recent rugby convert, seeks similar male for games and possible future scrum. Birmingham. Box 9480.

HIGH FLYER, male, 42, attractive, attached, understanding, seeks discerning (married?) lady to share discreet relationship. Severnside(ish). Box 9580.

MYOPIC, BEER-BELLIED, smoking doctor, 44. Two wives can't have been wrong, could they? Bring your Bach CDs with the rest of the baggage, no probs. Manchester/NW. Photo. Box 9680.

TALENTED, GOODLOOKING graduate, woman executive (London) would like to meet similar man 45-50ish. Box 9780.

LONDON ACADEMIC male thirties 6'2" slim handsome, seeks gorgeous lady 23-35 forever. Photo. Box 9880.

ATTRACTIVE HIGH flying female 30 seeks to land professional fun loving unattached man. NW area. Box 9980.

ATTRACTIVE FEMALE, 31, wishes to meet man of same quality (35-40). If like me you are intelligent, kind, generous, affectionate, hardworking, solvent, wise, easygoing, down-to-earth, open-minded, adventurous, ethical, an individual mind and a good sense of humour then write to me with photo. Box 10080.

LAKE DISTRICT cottage. Cheerful man, 44, looks younger, artist, considered attractive. Interests — arts, gardening, countryside. Seeks sympathetic younger woman. Photo? Box 10780.

WOMAN, YOUNGISH 47, good-humoured, educated but dilettantish, seeks companionship — but perhaps more eventually — of amiable, wise, oldish fogey. Thames Valley/anywhere. Box 3479.

COUNTRYSIDE-BASED ex-Govt scientist, single 50, looking for suitable female soulmate. Box 8779.

HANDSOME AMERICAN businessman/record producer, 36, 5'11", trim, financially successful, sexy, vibrant, easygoing, strong but goodhearted, responsible, has nice W1 London flat to share rent free with one warm, sensuous, busty, leggy woman. Photo/phone a must. Box 9279.

NYMPHOMANIAC BLONDE short fat slut. 33. (55".45".55") wishes to marry titled aristocrat. Box 4378.

SOUTH LONDON artist, attractive free solvent, 40, seeks creative lady with sense of adventure. Box 9180.

CALM, CARING, cheerful, crazy, cynical Crawley chap, 30s, calls for clever cuddly companion. Box 9280.

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LONDON SURGEON (40) medium in all but libido, seeks highly-sexed lady for extramarital liaison so discreet as to be dangerous to no-one. Box 12180.

MATURE INDEPENDENT good-looking woman, own London flat, needs long-term close relationship with mature untied guy. Anyone available. Box 12280.

SENSUAL AND loving authoress, ex-beauty queen, ex-Mensa, seeks someone special. You? South Coast. Box 12380.

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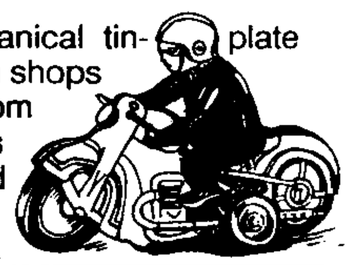

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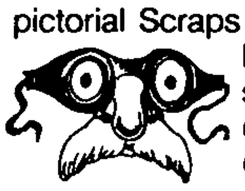

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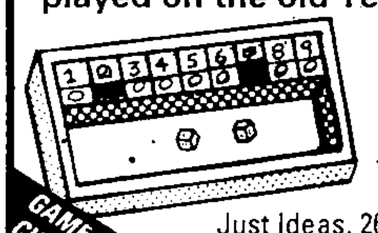

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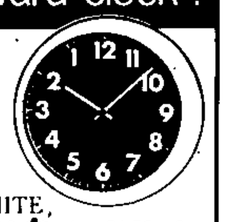

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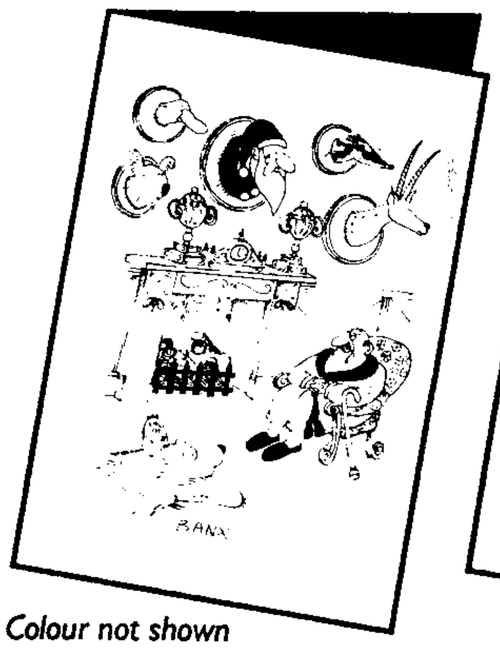

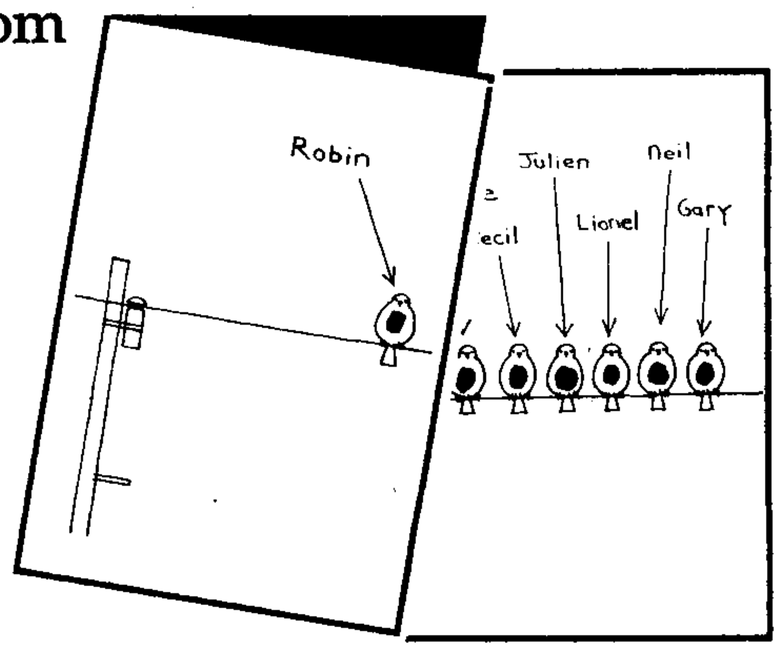

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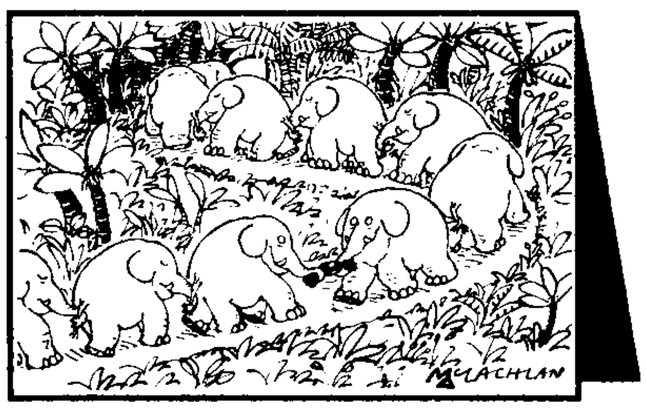

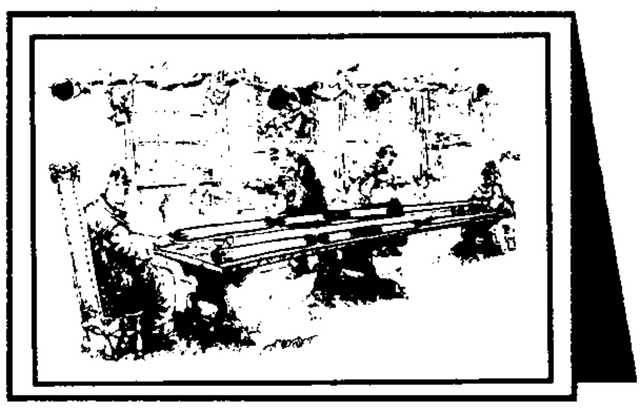

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